



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

US

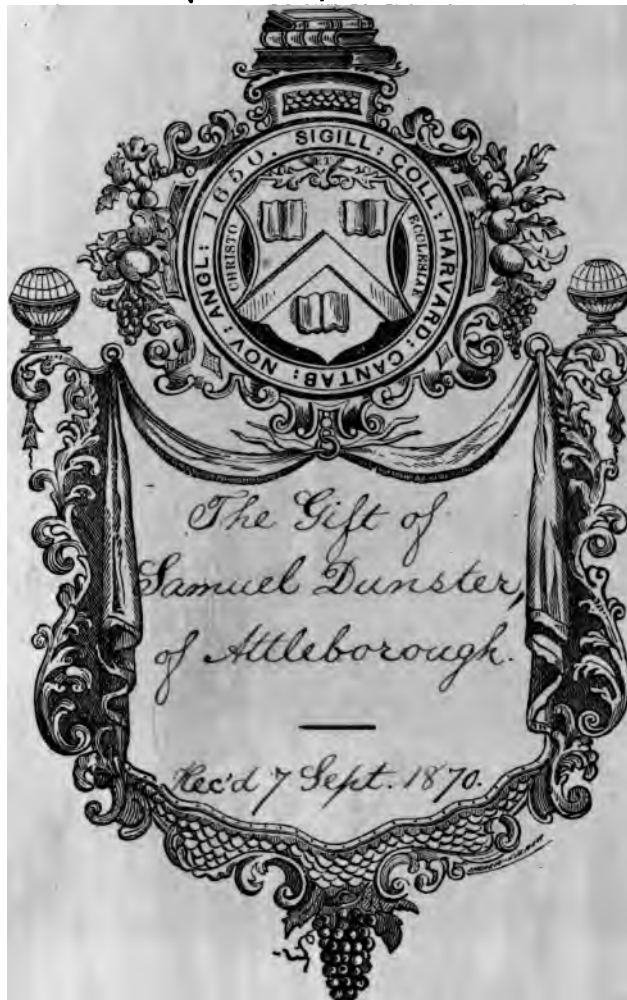
11869

27

5

R.313

US 11869:27:5







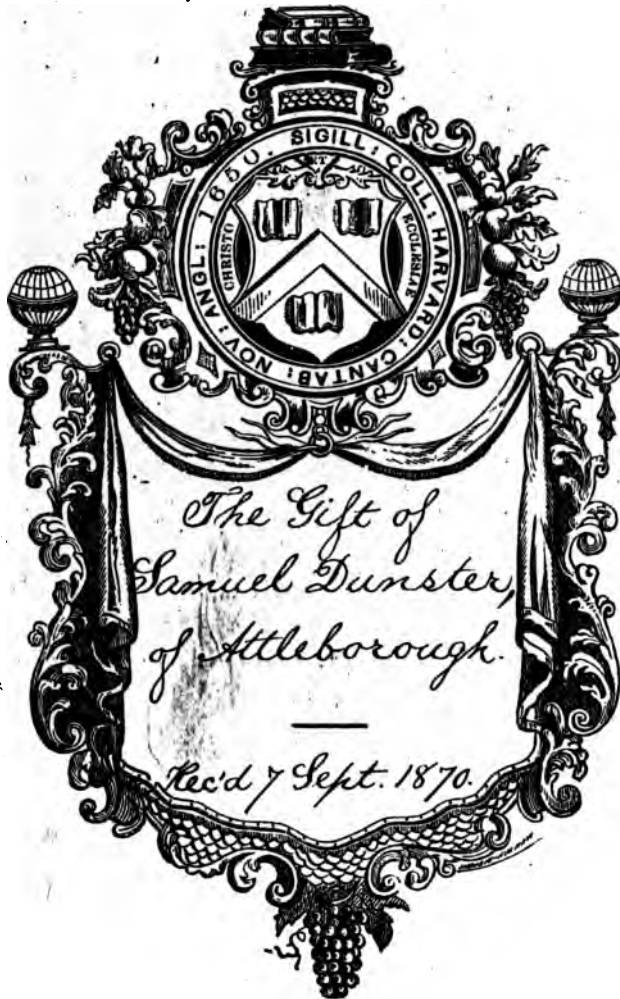








US 11869.27.5



From. Samuel Dunster

Attleboro Mass.

Sept. 1 1870.







Engr'd by Capewell & Kneller

your affectionate Father  
Eben<sup>r</sup> Hill.

at a dedication of a Meeting-house N<sup>o</sup> 381  
Nov 26. 1795—

Psalm 84. 1. —

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord  
of hosts! —

The b. of G is evident from his wks. for  
e invisible & of m for e creation of e  
O & clearly seen. b. & by e & w made  
even his O power by head. And t G is to  
b worshipped w<sup>th</sup> b homage, is not only  
evident from his w<sup>ks</sup>, I m<sup>st</sup> to b e o vine  
of reason. for t nations, however igno-  
rant & barbarous, agree in giving some  
k of worship to m w<sup>ch</sup> they are maker  
& ruler of e O. We w<sup>ch</sup> have lot in a land  
of vision & highly favored in compari-  
son w<sup>th</sup> others. We not only have in o w<sup>ks</sup>  
e evidence of his b. conveyed by his  
wks, I & kneel ar<sup>d</sup> w<sup>th</sup> his char<sup>d</sup> L<sup>ts</sup>. &  
r trust it is e acceptable service w<sup>th</sup> he  
req<sup>d</sup> and as it is e duty of individuals  
to worship & bow down before e Tr<sup>u</sup>mer  
ies, may m<sup>st</sup> of greater av<sup>rs</sup> for his fav<sup>r</sup>  
& implicate e b<sup>y</sup>s w<sup>th</sup> m<sup>st</sup> need, for P. fo-  
cieties b. =y & upon m, it is manifestly  
e duty to unite at some t<sup>ms</sup> for e  
purpose of worship. m w<sup>ch</sup> rules in t O,  
& has a right to r<sup>g</sup> services. — It is e voice  
of reason. — and it is req<sup>d</sup> in e Rev w<sup>ch</sup> has  
made. It was enjoined upon his ancient  
J<sup>h</sup>l, t y<sup>ch</sup> sh<sup>d</sup> meet in e solemn As<sup>ly</sup> & hence  
e P<sup>st</sup> H<sup>rs</sup>. Enter into his gates w<sup>th</sup> b<sup>y</sup> & his  
cur<sup>rs</sup> w<sup>th</sup> praise, & agreeable to y<sup>ch</sup> e Ap<sup>l</sup>  
to e Heb. H<sup>rs</sup> & X<sup>ms</sup> not to for<sup>g</sup> e ap<sup>rs</sup>  
b<sup>y</sup>ing ~~the~~ together — 1<sup>st</sup> Reason & Rev point



PROCEEDINGS  
AT THE  
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION  
OF THE  
*One Hundredth Anniversary*  
OF THE  
INCORPORATION  
OF THE  
TOWN OF MASON, N. H.,  
AUGUST 26, 1868.

PREPARED FOR PUBLICATION, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE  
COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS,

*Boylston*  
BY JOHN B. HILL.

---

C BOSTON:  
ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT.  
1870.



US 11869.27.5

~~US 11869.27.5~~

1870. Sept. 7,  
Gift of  
Samuel Sumner, Esq.  
of Wiltborough.

Press of ROCKWELL & CHURCHILL,  
123 Washington Street, Boston.

## PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.



At the annual Town Meeting, March 10, 1868, pursuant to an article in the warrant, a vote was passed, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town, which would occur on August 26, 1868, and to authorize the selectmen of the year, Charles B. Prescott, Wm. G. Lakin, and Thomas B. Tarbell, to take measures necessary and proper to carry the same into effect, who subsequently appointed the following-named gentlemen a committee for that purpose: Thomas H. Marshall, Jonathan Russell, 2d, Abram Wright, Luther L. Barrett, Elisha B. Barrett, Charles P. Richardson, John S. Spalding, Samuel E. Adams, and Alden B. Smith.

The town also voted that the expenses of the celebration should be paid out of the town treasury; but doubts having been expressed as to the legal right of the town to raise money by taxation, for such purposes, the committee, and other citizens uniting with them, by private subscription, raised a sum sufficient to meet all such charges. The committee agreed with George W. Scripture to provide a dinner for the company, and appointed Thomas B. Tarbell, Charles B. Prescott, Joseph B. Wilson, Edwin B. Hosmer, Luke Newell, George Whitaker, Abram Wright, John P. Wright, John Alinson, Veron Eaton, and Samuel H. Wheeler, a committee to select a place and prepare a stand for the speaking

and seats for the audience. The place selected was in a beautiful forest, a part of the homestead farm of the Rev. Ebenezer Hill, — a spot peculiarly well fitted for such a use, situate a short distance south of the site of the old meeting-house, on which suitable and ample preparations were made for the purposes above indicated. A letter of invitation was issued by the Committee of Arrangements, copied as follows:—

**“CENTENNIAL OF MASON.**

“The undersigned, a committee appointed in pursuance of a vote of the Town of Mason to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town, cordially invite all her absent sons and daughters to come home and unite in a glad reunion on the 26th day of August next.

THOMAS H. MARSHALL,  
JONATHAN RUSSELL, 2D,  
ABRAM WRIGHT,  
LUTHER L. BARRETT,  
ELISHA B. BARRETT,  
CHARLES P. RICHARDSON,  
JOHN S. SPALDING,  
SAMUEL E. ADAMS,  
ALDEN B. SMITH.

“MASON, July 1, 1868.”

This letter was, by the citizens, sent out to their relatives and friends in neighboring and distant towns and States. Notice of the time, place, and occasion of the celebration was published in the public papers of the vicinity.

The day opened auspiciously. It was one of those beautiful autumnal mornings, which indicate that the oppressive heat of summer is gone, and which promise a day of truly enjoyable weather. This promise was amply fulfilled. The day was ushered in with ringing of bells and peals of cannon; and at an early hour, from all quarters, crowds assembled at the place of meeting. Friendly and hearty greetings were passed between many

who had been long parted by distance, and were now permitted to meet and take each other by the hand.

The following programme, issued by the committee of arrangements, and widely distributed, served as an order of proceedings of the day : —

# PROGRAMME.

PROCESSION FORMED AT 10 A. M.

## EXERCISES AT THE GROVE.

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

PRAYER.

### SONG OF WELCOME.

Glad are our hearts to-day,  
And proudly heave our breasts,  
While we, our greeting lay  
Extend our honored guests;  
Let every tongue join the glad strain,  
Oh! welcome, welcome home again,  
Welcome, yes, welcome home again.

From distant lands they come,  
Homes scattered far and wide,  
And friends of "auld-lang-syne,"  
Here clustering side by side,  
With cordial grasp extend the hand;  
Untied now our household band,  
Welcome, oh! welcome home again.

We love our native town,  
We own her fostering care,  
And here, with grateful pride,  
Her natal honors share;  
Let every voice join the glad strain,  
Till the broad welkin rings again,  
With our Centennial Jubilee.

May generations hence  
Their lineage proudly tell,  
And boast that no disgrace  
E'er *Mason's* fame befell;  
Oh! be her future, as her past,  
With honor bright, and we at last  
In heaven sing glad welcome home.

*Mrs. Louisa J. Kimball.*

### ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

MUSIC, . . . . . By the Band.

ORATION, . . . . . *Hon. John B. Hill.*

### SONG OF JUBILEE.

Come, children of our dear old town,  
Where'er your lot may be,  
Come join us in our glad some song,  
Our song of jubilee.  
Upon her ivied throne of years,  
With eye still bright and clear,  
Our Mother sits in honor of  
Her hundredth natal year.

*Chorus:*

Oh! happy hearts, now gathered here,  
Join in our chorus loud and clear, [true,  
Sing of the virtues of our Mother, fond and  
Sing of her hills and vales, her sons and  
daughters too.  
Call them home from far and near,  
Bid them banish doubt and fear;  
Let all with true Masonic hearts to-day  
Join in our song of Jubilee.

Come, gather round the circle close,  
And feel the warmth that glows  
Within that heart whose life has beat  
A century to its close;  
A life of trial, toll, and strife,  
But yet without a stain  
To check our honest pride to-day,  
Or cause our Mother shame. *Cho.*

Then ye whose locks are seared with age,  
And ye whose pulses beat  
With all the fiery life of youth,  
Your love of home repeat;  
Shout loud your chorus to the skies,  
And press the altars near,  
And celebrate this glorious day  
Of Centenary Year. *Cho.*

*R. L. Cunnock, jr.*

POEM, . . . . . *Rev. F. R. Hodgman.*

MUSIC, . . . . . By the Band.

CHRONICLES, . . . . . *Charles E. Hill.*

# Dinner at One o'clock P.M.

## IN THE TENT.

### HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

O Thou, whose all-directing hand  
Hath guided home this wandering band,  
We own Thy power, Thy love adore,  
While future blessings we implore.

Thy love divine, with cheering ray,  
Illumed our Father's darkened way,  
Though toils and dangers pressed them  
round,  
A sure support in Thee they found.

And children's children, grateful now,  
Before Thy throne with reverence bow,  
With one accord their hearts to raise,  
In loudest songs of grateful praise.

From homes with peace and plenty blessed,  
Our willing feet have hither pressed,  
With greeting kind and cheerful lay,  
To crown our glad Centennial day.

No songs raise we to "gods unknown,"  
*Our God, our Father's God*, we own!  
Oh, be His love the strength and stay  
Of all who've gathered here to-day.

And when life's scenes for us have passed,  
When we have looked on earth our last,  
May each receive the welcome, "Come,"  
Faithful of God, well done! come home.

*Miss Abby H. Allen.*

### TOASTS AND SPEECHES.

SONG, . . . . . by *Mrs. Field.*

"I cannot sing the old Songs."

### VOLUNTEER TOASTS AND SPEECHES.

### PARTING HYMN.

Now as evening shadows gather,  
And we're called upon to part,  
May the warm hand-clasp be taken,  
Of the love heart bears to heart;  
Kindly wishes, thought or spoken,  
Drop as blessings or as balm,  
And the mem'ry of this season  
E'er be hallowed with a charm.

'Midst the joys of sweet reunion,  
Mem'ry drops the bitter tear,  
While recalling the loved faces  
Which no more can greet us here,—  
Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters,  
Townsmen, held in high esteem,  
Sowers, reapers, and sheaf-binders,  
Long since passed adown life's stream.

But, though Death full oft has garnered  
Choicest fruit we had to give,  
Sterling truth, in ripened manhood  
Also shows us how to live.

Heads remembered 'erst as cradled,  
Now with silvery locks are crowned,  
And Life's purpose, then unwritten,  
Clear is set each brow around.

For all character, in forming,  
Leaves its impress, good or ill,  
And men's faces are the reflex  
Of the firm or pliant will.  
May this thought each then bear with him,  
By its *fruitage* is life known,  
And in heaven will joy be measured  
By the harvest of truth sown.

May God's word be our foundation,  
If only life the structures reared,  
And through Christ, our blest Redeemer,  
Heavenly titles for each cleared.  
Then, on earth, though ne'er united,  
We shall meet at last above,  
Hearts and voices joined in tribute  
To the power of Jesus' love.

*Mrs. H. M. C. Wright.*

MUSIC, . . . . . By the Band.



The procession was formed at 10 o'clock, under the direction of James L. Chamberlain, Esq., Chief Marshal, assisted by John S. Spalding, Elisha B. Barrett, Thomas E. Marshall, Thomas B. Tarbell, and Marshall Kimball, Assistant Marshals, and under the lead of the Brookline Brass Band, directed by Mr. Alonzo Bond, of Boston, proceeded to the stand for speaking, where the Chief Marshal introduced the President of the day, the Hon. Thomas H. Marshall, who, with several Vice-Presidents, Jonathan Russell, 2d, Joseph B. Wilson, Franklin Merriam, Charles Scripture, and Samuel Smith, were conducted to seats.

Reporters were present, and seats assigned to them, from the *Boston Daily Journal*, and the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, in which papers, on the next morning, full reports of all the proceedings appeared, from which reports, somewhat condensed, and with some additions, the following account of the doings of the day is presented:—

## CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,

AT MASON, N. H.

Procession—Oration—Literary and Musical Exercises—Dinner in a Mammoth Tent.

[REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.]

The citizens of Mason, N. H., yesterday celebrated the occurrence of the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of their town in a manner appropriate to an occasion so significant and interesting. The large attendance of her sons and daughters, coming from every direction and almost from every State to which a New Englander might be expected to emigrate, and the concert of action and universal hospitality of those who yet remained at home, well attest the enthusiastic and, perhaps not less, the tender feelings which the event awakened in all hearts.

### THE SITUATION OF THE TOWN.

The town of Mason is situated upon the southern border of New Hampshire, at the present terminus of the Peterboro' and Shirley Railroad, which branches from the Fitchburg at Groton Junction. In territory it is about six miles square, and is divided substantially into two communities or settlements, known as the Centre and the Village. Mason Village is the more populous of the two, and is a place of considerable manufacturing prosperity, possessing two cotton mills of about 8,000 spindles, a furniture manufactory, of which the machinery is car-

ried by water power, and a grist mill. The Souhegan River, which passes through this section of the town, could, it is said, supply power for 100,000 spindles, having a fall of sixty feet within a distance of forty rods and eighty feet within a quarter of a mile. The approach to the Village by railroad is marked by several peculiar and interesting features. To avoid a direct passage through an intervening range of lofty hills, a curve, which is almost or quite a semicircle, is made, which, as a citizen expressed it, gives the line of road at its terminus the "shape of a mackerel hook." Sweeping around this curve, the passenger is afforded a charming view of an extensive and deeply-indented valley, through which flows the current of the Souhegan River, and beyond which stretches an amphitheatre of hills, rising to a lofty altitude, through one of those vigorous geologic efforts for which New Hampshire is so justly celebrated. To shoot across this valley from highland to highland, by railroad, required the construction of a bridge resting upon the borders of the stream, 100 feet in height and 600 in length, and in rapidly passing over it one gets a better idea than before of the literal significance of the phrase "a bird's-eye view." The scenery in every direction is of a similar character, lofty hills and deep valleys, and over and among these lies the connecting road between Mason Village and Centre. The latter is the place where the celebration was held, and is accessible also from another point on the railroad. Its characteristics are those usual to an agricultural settlement in New England. Many well-

cultivated farms are seen in its pleasant valleys, and its hillsides are spotted with happy homes. The sons and daughters of this town are now residents in every portion of our country, and a majority of the States in the Union were represented in the gathering which took place yesterday. The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon, and was observed as a holiday by the citizens, nearly all of whom probably flocked to the Common at Mason Centre, where the procession was to be formed. A panorama of the war was opened in a tent upon the Common, booths were erected, flags thrown to the breeze in various localities, and the Village presented a lively appearance. The roads in the vicinity were filled with teams from distant parts of the town and the surrounding country, and nearly two thousand people gathered to celebrate the happy occasion.

#### THE CELEBRATION.

The conduct of the celebration was under the immediate charge of the following-named officers of the day: Hon. Thomas H. Marshall, President; Jonathan Russell, 2d, Joseph B. Wilson, Franklin Merriam, Charles Scripture, Samuel Smith, Vice-Presidents; James L. Chamberlain, Chief Marshal; J. S. Spalding, Elisha B. Barrett, Thos. E. Marshall, Thomas B. Tarbell, Marshall Kimball, Assistant Marshals; James Russell, Toast Master.

A committee of general and another of special arrangements had been engaged for some time past in making the preliminary preparations.



A procession was formed, at the square near the church, about ten o'clock, A.M., and, headed by the Brookline (N. H.) Brass Band, led for the occasion by Mr. Alonzo Bond, the well-known Boston musician, the march was made to a pine grove about a fourth of a mile distant. Here a platform had been erected, on which were seated the officers of the day, the participants in the proceedings, and many venerable citizens of the town. The exercises commenced with the performance of "Auld Lang Syne" by the band, after which the Chief Marshal introduced the President of the day, who briefly welcomed the visitors to the old town, and congratulated all upon the auspicious circumstances under which they were met. The Divine blessing was then invoked by Rev. L. C. Stevens, of Mason Village, after which a select choir of ladies and gentlemen sung an original "Song of Welcome," to the tune of *Sunderland*,—Mrs. Milton Hardy presiding at the melodeon. Rev. Geo. F. Merriam, of Mason Village, then pronounced a formal address of welcome in eloquent and appropriate terms. After music by the band, the Orator of the Day, Hon. John B. Hill, was introduced.

#### ORATION OF HON. JOHN B. HILL.

Mr. Hill (who is one of the venerable citizens of the town, seventy-two years of age, and favorably known in antiquarian circles as the author of the "History of Mason") commenced his address with the statement that just one hundred years ago Obadiah Parker left the town of Mason for a journey to Portsmouth, being instructed by a vote of the citizens to procure in

their behalf from the Provincial Governor, John Wentworth, an act of incorporation as a town. The circumstances under which the journey was made, through the then all-surrounding wilderness, and the formalities necessary in the conduct of the affair with His Majesty's august representative were depicted, and the cost of obtaining the franchise, as recorded on the town books, was stated to be £12 6s. 6d. 3 farthings. It had been voted to have the town called Sharon, but it was decided by the Governor, and agreed to by the delegate, to name it Mason, in honor of Captain John Mason, the original grantee of lands in New Hampshire. The orator then exhibited and read the document which Parker brought back, which is in a good state of preservation, and bears the date of August 26, 1768. The document, after describing the bounds of the town, goes on further to say, "always reserving to our heirs and successors all the white-pine trees which are or shall be found growing or being on the said land, fit for the use of our Royal Navy." \* The orator called attention of the audience to the majestic pines in the grove around them, as proof that the pines were still there, and that King George had never called for them. He then reverted to the history of the town within his own early recollection, and gave a biographical sketch of two of its centenarians,—Jonathan Foster, who died at the age of one hundred years,

\* It was provided that the trees fit for the Royal Navy should be marked by the King's surveyor with the broad arrow; any one cutting a tree so marked was subject to a heavy penalty, but until so marked any tree might be felled by the owner of the land without penalty.—J. B. H.

March 31, 1821, and Oliver Elliot, who died at the age of one hundred and two years and six months. He also alluded to the ancient ministers of the town—Rev. Jonathan Searle and Ebenezer Hill—the latter being his own immediate ancestor, being the owner of the beautiful grove in which the celebration was held. A comparison was instituted between the status of the town in the year 1777 and the year 1868, the polls being 98 against 348; the horses 48 against 189; the taxation \$386 against \$12,607.78, and the population 501 against 2,000. The early manufactures of the town were alluded to, and the isolation of the people described. The only sources of news in those days were the occasional journeys of the farmers, with an ox team to Boston, and the news there being carefully treasured in memory, was detailed on their return to eager listeners in front of the church, between the forenoon and afternoon services on Sunday. The first newspaper published in the State was in 1757, and now, said the speaker, we have them crowding upon each other day after day, together with a surfeit of periodicals. He thought some of the town's people would now be desperately pushed for news if going to church on Sunday were the source on which they depended. In further contrast of old times with the present, he said that witches, ghosts and sorcerers have disappeared along with queues, knee-breeches and shoe-buckles, and now we have Mormonism, Mesmerism, Spiritualism and Millerism, together with changes in ladies' dresses, showing the least possible "love of a bonnet," with the most magnificent amplitude of a skirt. The statistics of the town in the

war of the Revolution were referred to. Ninety-one men had served in that war; and in the town there was only one tory. He was driven away, and ended his days in poverty and wretchedness at Groton, his native place. A company of Mason men were at Bunker Hill, two of whom were killed,—Joseph Blood and Ebenezer Blood. At this point in his address the orator introduced to the audience Mrs. Nutting, a sister of Ebenezer Blood, an old lady of ninety-six years. The venerable matron was escorted forward upon the platform, and was greeted with general applause by those present. In this connection it was stated that in the war of 1812 Mason contributed eleven men to support the government in the field, and in the recent war one hundred and twenty-one men. The speaker then took a prospective glance into the future, which on the whole he regarded as auspicious, while deprecating the frightful visage of corruption in public office, which threatened and might destroy liberty, law and republican integrity. The town of Mason, he said, had been the birthplace of two men of world-wide celebrity in the inventive arts,—Jonas Chickering, the piano manufacturer, and Walter A. Wood, inventor of a mowing-machine, for which he had received the grand prize, and had been decorated with the emblem of the Legion of Honor, at the Paris Exhibition. In conclusion he denied the decadence of New England, in which some profess to believe, and stated the reasons for the view he took. He affirmed the belief in her future prosperity in agricultural interests, and took occasion incidentally to advocate the growth of forest trees upon

the rocky hillsides. One-third of the territory should be devoted in this way, he thought, and it would prove to yield a return which would be satisfactory to the most greedy money-lender. He referred to the example of England and Holland in the matter of raising improved breeds of cattle, and said that a similar policy on the part of the Mason farmers would insure, according to the ratio of Holland, 1,900 cattle in the town instead of 800 as at present. The orator closed his address somewhat abruptly, but apologized for so doing on account of the length to which in the written form he had extended it, and for the reading of which there was not further time to spare.

#### OTHER EXERCISES AT THE GROVE.

At the close of the oration the "Song of Jubilee" was sung to the tune of "Champagne Charley," the solo being finely rendered by Mrs. Lucien P. Field, of New York, a native of Mason. She was accompanied by Miss Lilla Larkin, of Townsend Centre. A well-written poem, of a historical character, was then read by Rev. E. R. Hodgman, which was followed by a series of chronicles, also of a local-historical character, and conceived in a sportive vein. These were read by Chas. E. Hill, an under-graduate of Dartmouth, and their character will be indicated by the closing invitation to the now awaiting dinner at the tent, as follows: "Lo, the meat offerings and drink offerings are ready, and the royal Chamberlain waits to hasten you to the banquet. This day is Scripture revealed unto you. He that hath a purse let him take it, likewise his scrip, for the money-changers await your com-

ing. Stay yourselves with flagons and be comforted with apples. To your tents, O Israel!" Accordingly Mr. Chamberlain, as Marshal, conducted the party to the tent, where Mr. G.W. Scripture, caterer, had provided an abundant collation.

#### PROCEEDINGS AT THE TENT.

In the tent, which was spread in an open lot near the church, some eight hundred people sat down at the tables and heartily enjoyed the viands which were spread before them, — a sharpened appetite being the sequel of the somewhat prolonged exercises at the grove. When all had been thus refreshed, the exercises of the day were continued by the singing of a "Hymn of Gratitude," to the tune of "Lyndhurst." Toasts and speeches then followed. A sentiment in honor of "The Great West" was responded to by Rev. Timothy Hill, of Kansas City, Mo.; one, to "The Sons of New Hampshire in other States," was responded to by B. W. Merriam, of New York City; to "The Revolutionary Patriots," by Hon. John B. Hill; "The Day we Celebrate," by Rev. S. Lee, of New Ipswich; "The Town of Mason," by Joseph C. Mason, of Booneville, Mo.; the "Hills, Valleys, Fruits and Flowers of Mason," by L. A. Elliot, of Boston.

The literary exercises were agreeably varied by the singing of the song entitled "I cannot sing the old Songs," by Mrs. Field; "Twenty Years ago," by Samuel E. Wright and wife, of Templeton, Mass., and the "Parting Hymn," which was sung by the choir to the tune of "Franconia." The musical part of the programme throughout the day was, in the performance, of a

high order of excellence, and was much enjoyed and applauded.

The authors of the original hymns were Mrs. Louisa J. Kimball, R. L. Cumnock, Jr., Miss Abby H. Allen, and Mrs. H. M. C. Wright, in the order respectively in which the hymns occurred on the programme.

The celebration, as a whole, was well planned and carried out, and the day was generally observed as a holiday by the people of the neighboring towns as well as those immediately interested. The day was ushered in by salutes of artillery, which reverberated over the majestic hills, whose echoes seemed to catch the note of festivity. The church-bells of the town also

sounded their jocund peals, delighting Young America at the unexpected recurrence of those emotions peculiar to Independence morning. The side shows of the occasion were sufficiently numerous to give the Village Common a gala day appearance, and were liberally patronized by those who preferred the sportive and sensational to the intellectual and sentimental modes of celebration. Probably from two to three thousand people participated publicly in the festival, which must be regarded as a liberal convocation, in point of numbers, for a locality which may, with eminent propriety, be classed among the rural districts.

## ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY REV. GEORGE F. MERRIAM, OF MASON VILLAGE.



MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

Whether cradled among these hills, adopted for a season into our good mother's family, or otherwise linked in interest with the old town whose centenary day we now celebrate, permit me to bid you a most cordial welcome.

From every place to which your enterprising feet have borne you, far or near ; from every walk of life, however humble or high up

“The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;”

whether coming with the dew of youth, or the frosts of age, or with life's meridian strength, bending beneath the heat and burden of the day ; we gladly hail your return, and heartily rejoice with you in the meetings and greetings of the hour. We give you a warm grasp of the hand, as you come once more to look upon the scenery of Mason, with all its features of beauty and grandeur ; to tread the soil made sacred by the labors of holy men now gone to their rest ; to re-enter the homes about which so many tender recollections have clustered ; to revisit the haunts of childish frolic and fancy ; to worship in the churches where our fathers used to pray ; to muse in the church-yards where their precious dust is laid ; to speak one to another of all the way in which our God has led us, and to spend a little season together with the memories of Auld Lang Syne.

And how many the spots in those early days, now transfigured with rosy light, as we glance backward in our life review ! How often can we say of what has here occurred, —

“Still o'er that scene my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care ;  
Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

How grandly do the little incidents, recalled by the forms we meet to-day, loom through the mist of years !

“ 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,”

but not that alone, as we sing, —

“ How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view ;  
The meadow, the orchard, the deep-tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot that my infancy knew !  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,  
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.”

Nor can we forget the trials of those bygone days : —

“ There stands the old school-house, hard by the old church ;  
That tree by its side had the flavor of birch.”

Trials by no means profitless in our subsequent experience, and at the time attended with an overflowing measure of kindness ; while to-day we look back and feel, —

“ That we of all others have reason to pay  
The tribute of thanks, and rejoice on our way,  
For the counsels that turned from the follies of youth,  
For the beauty of patience, the whiteness of truth,  
For the wounds of rebuke, when love tempered its edge,  
For the household's restraint, and the discipline's hedge.”

And then what a fragrance lingers about the memory of some of those early friends ! We are now consciously stronger and purer for having met them. Whatever is shining in our lives must come from the golden thread of their influence wound about them. One seems almost the soul's ideal : —

“ His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, this was a man.”

We stand beside the mound where he sleeps, and feel the place is holy ground ; that

“ The actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.”

It is a privilege to scatter roses upon his last resting-place, and say:—

“Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my early days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise.”

But I am treading upon sacred ground, and engrossing too much of your time. When the distant members of a household return to some great family gathering, the elder members of the family are wont to make ready the feast, and send one of the children to swing wide the door, and cry with childish ardor, Come in, come in! So these venerable fathers, having provided a feast of reason and flow of soul from the lips of eloquence and poesy, have sent me to offer you their salutations, and say, Welcome, welcome!

In doing this, allow me to express the wish that this reunion may, for us, be typical of a better one above, where the angels will sing welcome home. And may they, who in this place shall celebrate the successive centuries of the future, have an ever brightening experience of peace, prosperity, and piety to record.

Long live the good town, giving out, year by year,  
Recruits to true manhood and womanhood dear;  
Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty sent forth,  
The living epistles and proof of its worth.

## ADDRESS BY JOHN B. HILL.

---

ONE hundred years ago, in August, 1768, Obadiah Parker left his humble dwelling on the west border of the town, near the line of New Ipswich, on a pilgrimage to Portsmouth, then the capital of the Province of New Hampshire, charged by a vote of the proprietors passed January 5, 1768, with the duty "to go to Portsmouth and get the town incorporated as soon as may be." Let us follow the pilgrim on his adventurous journey. There was then no public conveyance by which he could make his way.\* There was no carriage for the conveyance of persons in the town. Indeed, the ox-cart was the only vehicle then owned in town, which moved on wheels. The first chaise brought into and owned in town was built expressly for my father in the year 1799, after his marriage with his third wife. The time is fully within my recollection when the first buggy or wagon, for the carriage of persons, was brought into town.

The only mode Parker could adopt for making his journey was to go on horseback or on foot. It is likely he chose the latter as the least expensive. Indeed, it would take little more time, as was then the state of the country roads and the character of the cavalry he must use. An active man, such as Parker was, he being then about forty-eight years old, would make the journey on foot, probably, in less time than on horseback. He must have made

\* It is doubtful if there was any such at that time from Boston to Portsmouth. In the "Boston Gazette and County Journal," March, 1770, in an advertisement, Joseph Hart notifies the public in a card that "he has set up a stage from Portsmouth to Boston, making one trip a week. The hour of starting from Boston being about eight o'clock in the morning on Tuesdays."



his way directly through the forests and by the sparse settlements to his journey's end, which he would accomplish in about two days. Arrived at Portsmouth, he would there find the only power that could give success to his mission, in the person of the Royal Governor, the representative of his Royal Majesty, George III., styled "our truly and well-beloved John Wentworth, Esq., our Governor and Commander-in-Chief of our Province of New Hampshire."

In our day charters and acts of incorporation are granted by the Legislature, on application of the parties. Then, they were matters of royal grace and favor, to be granted by the Governor with much ceremony, not to say pomp and splendor. Parker, having arrived at Portsmouth, must have made application to know at what day and hour his Majesty's Royal Governor and Council would be pleased to give him an audience, and at the set time have presented himself, with the humble petition of his fellow-citizens, and having made such suggestions, and answered such inquiries as the case needed, he succeeded in gaining the object of his journey, in the grant of the charter for the incorporation of the town.

But fees and charges must be paid. The officials surrounding the governor lived on fees. It was understood that such expenses must be incurred, and Parker was charged "to disburst the money" for that purpose, and promised that he "shall have a hansom reward for the same." His bill rendered to the town for charges and disbursements was £12. 6. 6. 8, amounting to about \$41.00. It was allowed and paid. The items composing this bill would be at this day a great curiosity, but they have escaped all search. The proprietors voted to have the town called Sharon; but no one will regret that Parker so far departed from his instructions as to bring back the charter with the name of Mason inserted instead, undoubtedly with reference to Captain John Mason, the original grantee of the Province of New Hampshire. This venerable document, bearing date August 26, 1768, I have now the pleasure of exhibiting to you. Thus, one hundred years ago this day, the authority and obligation to assume the rights and powers and duties of a town were granted to our fathers.

By the terms of the charter, Obadiah Parker, "Gentleman," was appointed to call the first meeting of the inhabitants as a town. For this purpose he issued his warrant in due form, under date of

September 5, 1768, for a meeting to be held September 19, at which meeting Obadiah Parker was chosen Moderator; Josiah Wheeler, Town Clerk; Josiah Wheeler, Obadiah Parker, and Joseph Bullard, Selectmen; Reuben Barrett and John Swallow, Constables; Nathan Hall, Treasurer; John Asten and Jonathan Winship, Tithingmen; Thomas Barrett, Enosh Lawrence, Jr., Lemuel Spaulding, and Josiah Robbins, Surveyors of Highways; Capt. Thomas Tarbell, Sealer of Weights and Measures; John Asten, Sealer of Leather; Richard Lawrence and Joseph Blood, Fence Viewers; Samuel Lawrence and Joseph Lowell, Hog Constables; Aaron Wheeler and Oliver Elliott, Deer Officers. Thus the territory, formerly known by the name of No. 1, became legally a town, and, with some additions of territory subsequently made, has remained a town to the present day.

It is worth while to pause a few moments, and consider the character of that important political body, a New England town. No such political organization was ever known in England. There cities, boroughs, and parishes, have existed from time immemorial; but none of these has served as the model of our towns. These last in this country are of New England origin, and are peculiar to New England, except so far as they have, with more or less fidelity, been copied in some of the more Western States.

Our Pilgrim Fathers, when, driven by high-church persecution from their pleasant homes in England, they took refuge in Holland, found there a division of the country into townships entrusted with the internal regulation of their own affairs, the appointment of selectmen, or municipal officers, the registry of deeds, the establishment of highways, and the erection of houses and farm buildings along the line of the travelled roads, none of which existed in England, and all of which, with great public benefit, they introduced into their new settled country.\*

\* Of Holland, in 1608, Motley writes: "It was a land where every child went to school, where almost every individual inhabitant could read and write, where even the middle classes were proficient in mathematics and the classics, and could speak two or more modern languages; where the whole nation, with but few exceptions, were producers of material wealth, and where comparatively little of unproductive consumption prevailed."

— Motley, *United Netherlands*, Vol. iv., p. 432.

These organizations are the purest democracies the world has ever seen. Every man in the town is not only a voter, but is trained up in the fearless and constant exercise of the voter's rights. Here no one has any peculiar or special privileges. All stand on the same footing. Every man has a right to be voted for, or to vote for any office. There is here no chance for an aristocracy to spring up and trample on the rights of the people. In the Southern States no such organizations ever existed. If those States had been overspread with towns, filled with people trained up in the exercise of the voter's rights, the slaveholding aristocracy could never have carried the Southern people, as they did, against their will, into rebellion.

One of the first incidents attendant on arriving at the condition of a town was found to be taxes, and that incident has continued to attend its existence to the present day. To facilitate the collection of taxes, the town was divided into the West and East sides. This division was made on the road leading from Townsend to the north part of the town by what was then the residence of Dea. Nathan Hall. All east of that road and north of the centre of the town on that road belonged to the East side; all west of that road and south of the centre to the West side. A list of taxes was made out amounting to £17. 16. 6. 2. and committed to John Swallow, constable, for the West side, and a similar list amounting £17. 10. 7. 1. was committed to Reuben Barrett, constable for the East side, for collection, by warrants each bearing date January 28, 1769.

These documents show who were then inhabitants of the town, and the rate of taxes, and their relative wealth or means. On the West side were Josiah Robbins, Ens. Enosh Lawrence, Samuel Lawrence, John Swallow, Isaac Holdin, William Badcock, William Barrett, Nathaniel Barrett, Jonathan Foster, Stevens Lawrence, Thomas Robbins, Enosh Lawrence, Jr., Aaron Wheeler, Nathaniel Hosmer, John Dutton, Widow Burge, John Elliot, Moses Lowell, Richard Lawrence, Joseph Merriam, David Lowell, David Lowell, Jr., Nathan Whipple, John Jefts, John Asten, Joseph Barrett, Nathan Procter, Lieut. Obadiah Parker, Joseph Bullard, Zachariah Davis, Reuben Tucker, Joseph Tucker, Amos Dakin, Thomas Barrett, Joseph Lowell, Benjamin King, Edmund Town, Cornelius Cook, and Dennis McLean. The list

also includes two more names of persons, whom I judge to have been non-residents. On this list the highest tax was paid by Josiah Robbins. He lived on the farm afterwards owned by Dea. Jotham Webber, and now owned by his grandsons.

On the East side the names were Capt. Thomas Tarbell, Elias Elliot, Jason Russell, Nathaniel Smith, Joseph Ross, Nathaniel Tarbell, Edmund Tarbell, Jonathan Williams, Reuben Barrett, Hannah Elliot widow, Samuel Scripture, James Weathee, Lemuel Spaulding, Elizabeth Powers widow, Joseph Blood, Abel Shedd, George Woodard, Jabez Kendall, Oliver Elliot, Daniel Fish, Mary Jefts widow, Thomas Jefts, Jonathan Jefts, Nathan Hall, James Hall, Patience Fish widow, Eleazer Fish, Ebenezer Blood, Jason Dunster, Joseph Herrick, Jonathan Winship, Samuel Tarbell, Nathaniel Barrett, Jr., John Leonard, Jonathan Fish. On this list I do not recognize any non-residents. The highest tax on this list, and the highest in the town, was paid by Capt. Thomas Tarbell. He lived on the farm now owned by his great grandson, Thomas B. Tarbell, which farm has remained in the same family for five generations, almost or quite one hundred and twenty years. Of the persons named in these tax lists there are twenty-three who have descendants now residing in the town, and many of them upon the farms then owned by their ancestors.

One hundred years! What a period in the life of nations! Not twenty such have passed since the birth of Christ, scarce ten since pagan gods were publicly worshipped by princes and people in England by our British ancestors. Of the human family, scarce one in thirty-six thousand attains that age, and yet in the list I have just read of the names of the tax-payers in the first assessment on the town, are found two who attained that wonderful age.\* One of these, Jonathan Foster, died at Ashby, March 31,

\* Desiring to ascertain, as nearly as might be, the ratio or proportion of persons living in Southern New Hampshire in 1768, who would attain the age of one hundred years or more, I addressed a letter to Dr. Edward Jarvis, the well-known statistician, asking a reply to that question. In reply he kindly furnished me a very elaborate calculation and estimates from the United States census, in which he deduced from the returns for the years 1830, '40, '50, and '60, that of white persons, 1 in 39,760 would be found of that age, and that of the white and colored united 1 in 27,738 would be found to be of that age. The report of aged persons in the

1821, at the age of more than one hundred years. He resided, when I first knew him, in the south part of the town near the State line, a little east of the road to Townsend, in a wretched log hut. For many years, I think near forty, he was supported by the town as a pauper. I remember to have seen him frequently passing by on his way for his rations, to the residence of John Blodgett, Esq., chairman of the Board of Selectmen. Although then extremely aged, he walked with a quick military step, carrying a staff rather for ornament than use; and returning with his moderate supply of provisions, a little meal, pork, and perhaps a few potatoes, in a sack upon his shoulder. He had an inveterate antipathy to work of all kinds, but was fond of hunting, and among other feats of agility he would imitate on all-fours the running and leaping of a bear. Hence the cognomen, by which he was universally known, of "Bear Foster." It is not unlikely that this careful husbandry of his muscular energy tended to the lengthening out of his days to the unusual term of one hundred years. He was a soldier in the army of the Revolution.

The other centenarian was Oliver Elliot. He was born in Groton, probably in what is now Pepperell, Aug. 24, 1784. He was the son of Elias Elliot, who came into town about the year 1762, and died Feb. 23, 1785, at the age of seventy-eight years. His three sons, William, Oliver, and Elias, Jr., settled in Mason, Oliver, as early as 1764; William, as early as 1753. Oliver was an active, industrious man, and in the early period of the settlement, both before and after the incorporation of the town, was frequently employed in the public business, and elected to offices in the affairs of the place and town. In the last years of his life he felt the hard hand of poverty, but never wore the garments of a

colored population is so manifestly exaggerated as to be wholly unreliable, so that that of the white people alone should be considered. He also made an estimate of the population of the southern counties in New Hampshire in 1768, at 67,860, in which the number of centenarians at 1 in 27,738 would be 2.4 and at 1 in 39,760 it would be 1.7.

By the census of England in 1852, there were of men plus 100, 85, of women plus 100, 58=88, and by that of 1858 the men were 81, the women 62=93. The population of England in 1750 was estimated at 6,467,000. It would thus appear that of persons living in England in 1750, about 1 in 36,687 lived to one hundred years or more.

town pauper. He also was a soldier of the Revolutionary army. He died in September, 1836, aged one hundred and two years. He left numerous descendants residing in the town, and many who have sought out homes in other places.

In 1858, I published a history of the town of Mason, in which is contained everything which I judged could be of interest to preserve, which I could learn from tradition or from the records of the Proprietary, which exist in a perfect state of preservation from the first meeting in 1749 to the last in 1773, and from the records of the town from the first meeting in 1768, to that of 1858, all in like perfect preservation; and from the records of the Congregational Church from 1772, the date of its organization, to 1858; and of the Baptist Church from its organization in 1786 to 1858. In this work will be found a record of marriages commencing with that of the patriarch, Thomas Tarbell, June 30, 1666, down to Oct. 31, 1857. Also a list of deaths commencing in 1758, and extending to 1858, and numerous family registers, taken from the town records, of a date previous to 1790. Also a list of the names of those who appear upon the tax lists to have been inhabitants of the town previous to the year 1790, in which is indicated, as far as could be learned from tradition or other means, the place from which, and the time when, the individual came into town; the place to which, and the time when, any of them removed from town, and the place of residence of each one in the town, and the time of decease, age, etc., of such as died in town. A mark also indicates such as served in the army or navy in the war of the Revolution, and any noteworthy incidents in the history of each one are also briefly stated. I also published at the same time a biographical sketch of my father, the late Rev. Ebenezer Hill, in which are inserted his two published lectures upon the early history of the town, which contain much that, unless it had been preserved in this form, would long since have faded from memory and perished. As these works are accessible to all who feel an interest to inquire into these matters, I shall not in this discourse enter so fully into minute particulars of the history of the town, as in ordinary circumstances it would have been advisable to do.

I have shown how the town was organized, and as to civil affairs,

placed upon a foundation that remains to the present day. Next in order and interest follows its ecclesiastical organization.

Our fathers esteemed their religious interests not second to their secular affairs. I now proceed to show what they did in the way of organizing for religious worship, and making provision for the accommodation of the worshippers. As to the places of worship, one of the conditions of the grant of the township by the Masonian proprietors was, that the grantees "build a convenient house for the public worship of God, at or before the last day of May, 1753, for the use of those who shall then or afterwards inhabit there." In 1751, a vote was passed to build a house 30 by 24 feet. The dimensions were afterwards changed to 40 by 30 feet. This house was erected, and stood about three rods north-east of the place where the second meeting-house stood,—a locality familiar to many persons present. The first house was never finished, but was so far fitted for use that it served for public worship and town meetings till the second was built, having, by a vote of the proprietors, been made over to the town. The second house was raised in 1789. It was so far finished that it was used for the ceremonies of the ordination of my father, Nov. 3, 1790, but was not completed and dedicated till Nov. 26, 1795. It continued to be used for public worship and town meetings till the third house was built, not by the town, but by a religious society in connection with the Congregational Church, in November, 1837, and afterwards for town meetings till the town-house was built, in November, 1848. It was then sold at auction and removed. The Baptist society built a house placed between the roads, near the dwelling-house lately of Nathaniel Smith. I have no means of ascertaining in what year it was built; but I recollect the building at least sixty-five years ago, and it was then no new structure. It was never finished outside or in, and could not be occupied in cold weather. It was sold and removed in 1812. The brick meeting-house in the village was built in 1827, by a new Baptist society, and has been occupied to the present time. The meeting-house of the second Congregational society was built in the village by subscription of individuals, and dedicated in December, 1849. The Christian Chapel was erected in 1835. These are all the houses for public worship ever erected in the town.

The Congregational Church was organized October 13, 1772. It consisted of twenty-one members, twelve men and nine women. On the same day, Jonathan Searle was ordained pastor of the church, and minister of the town. Disagreements soon arose between him and the church, and between him and the town, which, as time went on, became more perplexing and unyielding. The result was his dismissal by the church, May 4, 1781, and by the town August 14, 1781. Any one wishing to read the details of this long and singular controversy will find them fully, perhaps too fully, set forth in the History of Mason, before referred to. Mr. Searle was born in Rowley, in 1744, and graduated at Harvard College in 1764. I remember him as a grave, stately gentleman, tall, and of good personal appearance, always well dressed, wearing the cocked hat, knee-breeches, long stockings, and shoe-buckles,—the costume of a gentleman in his early days. Soon after he was dismissed he ceased to preach, and devoted himself to the care of his valuable real estate and the cultivation of his farm, the same now owned by Ebenezer Blood, the noble house upon which, now in a fine state of preservation, was built by Mr. Searle ninety-one years ago. I judge that he was not addicted to books or study, and had little taste for literary pursuits. He held the office of Justice of the Peace many years, but did little business as such. Indeed, little in that line in his day and region needed to be done by any one. He died December 7, 1812, aged sixty-eight years. No monument marks the place of his burial. He and his wife were buried by the side of the monument of B. Witherell, his son-in-law. His successor in office was my father, the Rev. Ebenezer Hill. He was born in Cambridge, in January, 1766, graduated at Harvard College in 1786, pursued his professional studies under Dr. Seth Payson, of Rindge, was licensed to preach October 28, 1788, and was employed by the people of this town to preach for them early in 1789. His services met with such acceptance that the church and town united in a call for him to be their minister. He accepted the call, and was ordained November 3, 1790. He remained minister of the town till December 19, 1835, when he was, at his request, released by the town from the contract on their part. He continued in office as pastor of the church till his death, May 20, 1854, in the eighty-ninth year of his age and the sixty-fourth of his pastorship. In 1791 he bought the



farm, and on it, in 1800, he built the house in which, and on the farm to which he made some additions, he passed the remainder of his days. Upon this farm, with the pittance of two hundred and fifty dollars for a salary, he brought up his numerous family of fourteen children, only one of whom died in infancy. Order, economy, and industry were the rules of his household. Abundance of plain fare, coarse, strong, but decent raiment, were provided for all. Two of his sons graduated at Harvard University, and one at Dartmouth College. Rev. Andrew H. Reed was settled as colleague pastor with him in November, 1836, and remained till he was dismissed, at his own request, December 11, 1839. My father then resumed the pastoral duties of the parish, and performed the labors of the station till August, 1840, when my brother, the Rev. Joseph B. Hill, was employed to assist him. He was settled as co-pastor October 20, 1841, and remained till April, 1847, when he was, at his own request, dismissed. The Rev. J. L. Armes was settled as co-pastor in 1851, and remained till after my father's death.

In 1839 and 1840, he represented the town in the Legislature of the State, but weary of public life, and longing for the quiet of home, he declined further service in that line. From the time of the settlement of Mr. Reed, my father continued to devote his life and labors to the business of his sacred calling, as opportunity presented in the neighboring towns, until the infirmities of age, wasting his energies and strength, compelled him to retire, and pass the evening of his life in the quiet of his household and fireside. I have thus briefly sketched the outlines of his life and career. Thus he lived and thus he died. It is not for me to pronounce his eulogy.

My brother, the Rev. Joseph B. Hill, after leaving Mason, took charge of the church in Colebrook, N. H., where he remained ten years, and then removed to West Stewartstown, an adjoining town and remained in charge of the church in that place five years. In 1862, he purchased a small farm in Temple, N. H., and removed and settled his family there. In March, 1864, he accepted an appointment in the Christian Commission, and in that capacity joined the army, and with fidelity, industry, and zeal gave himself to the duties of that office, in the army of the Cumberland, until, at Chattanooga, he met with an accident on the railroad so severe as to terminate in his death, June 16, 1864. These are all the pas-

tors of this church who have gone to their reward. Mr. Armes was dismissed, at his own request, May 13, 1857. Immediately after Mr. Armes left, the Rev. Daniel Goodwin commenced preaching for this church, and continued in that employment till he was installed as pastor, April 18, 1860, and he remains in office till the present time.

The Baptist Church was, as styled in the record, "imbodied" September 28, 1786. The original members were Ezra Mansfield, William Elliott, and Jonathan Chandler; Sarah Blood, Anna Lawrence, Hannah Chandler, Sarah Blood, ye 2d, and Molly Ball. To these were added October 26, Joseph Bullard, Aaron Wheeler, widow Sarah Elliott, Sarah Tarbell, Rebecca Mansfield, and Rebecca Hildreth. Several of these persons had been members of Mr. Searle's church. The church gave Br. William Elliott a call to settle with them in the gospel ministry, to which he gave his consent, and was ordained on "ye third Wednesday of October, 1788." He served faithfully in that office, in his day and generation. He died June 4, 1830. Three of his sons were educated at public institutions, and became ministers in the Baptist church. Those who would know more of this church and of their worthy pastor, are referred to the History of Mason.

Such as I have described were the men who, one hundred years ago, assumed the burdens of the civil, political, and religious organization of a town, and secured to us, their successors, the rights and franchises, following and attendant on that state. I shall not, for the reasons already given, detail at this time, in any minute and methodical way, the subsequent doings of the town, but will rather employ what remains of time and space in exhibiting some of the wonderful changes, in all that is interesting to us as men, which have taken place in the world within the past century, most of them within the period to which the recollection of some who hear me extends. In 1760, George the Third came to the throne. No monarch more arbitrary, self-willed, and obstinate has reigned in England within the last two hundred years. He was the undisputed sovereign of all the provinces and colonies on this continent, which afterwards, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, composed the United States. The people were all loyal, and, until after the peace of 1763, there was no apprehension of arbitrary or

oppressive action on the part of the crown or parliament, and no thought of independence or resistance to the power of Great Britain. In 1759, Quebec was taken by Wolfe. The conquest of Canada and Cape Breton followed, and by the peace of 1763 they were confirmed to England. Thus the French power on this continent was broken and gone forever. There was no longer dread of Indian wars, excited and promoted by French influence and aid. No longer was the mother's sleep to be disturbed by dreams of horrid Indians breaking into her lowly cabin. No more were the morning slumbers of the inhabitants of the border towns liable to be roused by the hideous warwhoop, or their eyes to be daunted by the gleam of the tomahawk, or the blaze of the conflagration of a neighbor's dwelling. The dispute between Massachusetts and New Hampshire for the jurisdiction of the territory on which we live, which, for more than one hundred years, had made doubtful the titles and retarded the settlement of the land, had been decided in favor of New Hampshire. The line was run in February and March, 1741, and has remained the line between the States from that time to the present day. The land was granted by the Masonian proprietors to the proprietors of the town, in 1749, by the name of Township No. 1, and the settlement commenced by Lawrence in 1751, followed by Hall, Parker, Swallow, Tarbell, and others in 1752. The number increased slowly till, in 1767, at which time, by a census taken by the provincial authority, it was found to be two hundred and seventy-eight. After the incorporation, in 1768, the increase became more rapid, and in 1775 the number was found to be five hundred and one. I have given the names of those who were assessed to pay the first tax levied upon the town. The inventory upon which it was assessed I have not found. The earliest inventory I have found, which furnishes means to compare the former with the present condition of the town, as to property and valuation, is that of 1777. The mode of making out the inventory of the real estate at that time differed so much from that now in use, that no just comparison can be made between them. But the inventory of the cattle and horses was so similar to that of the present day as to furnish a fair criterion of comparison. In an agricultural town there is no better index of the wealth and prosperity of the people than that furnished by the number and value of the cattle, horses, and other stock owned by the inhabitants.

The following statement is the fairest exhibit I can make of the property and taxes of the town for the years 1777 and 1868, as compared with each other:—

1777.				1868.			
Polls,	.	.	98	.	.	.	848
Horses,	.	.	88	.	.	.	189
Cattle,	.	.	354	.	.	.	761
Valuation,	.	.	\$540*	.	.	.	\$584,780
Taxes,	.	.	\$336	.	.	.	\$12,670.78
Inhabitants,	.	.	501	.	.	.	about 2,000

This little book which I exhibit, six inches long and three inches wide, composed of eight leaves inartificially folded and ruled, contains the whole inventory of the real and personal property of the town for the year 1775.\* A large share of the increase in valuation is due to the increase in population and business in the village. The Columbian Manufacturing Company have made large investments in cotton factories in that place, which have added greatly to the wealth, population, and business of the town. The railroad, opened in 1850, has greatly promoted the business interests of the town.

Our predecessors of that day were a simple-minded, frugal, industrious people. They lived within their means. Their farms supplied their wants. Their garments were composed of wool and flax, the produce of their own fields and flocks. Cotton, so far from claiming then to be king, and to have the right to overturn the government because his claim to rule was not submitted to, had not then begun to lift up his head. The seeds must be re-

\* It is obvious that five hundred and forty dollars is no adequate statement of the value of the real and personal property in the town in the year 1777. I have not been able to discover the basis upon which the estimate was made. Instead of giving the number of acres and value of the farms and buildings, and of the cattle, the mode was as follows:—

Take for instance the valuation of Capt. Thomas Tarbell, of that year.

Poll,	Orchard,	Arable,	Mow- ing,	Pastur- ing,	Oxen & Horses,	Cows,	Two & three year olds,	£ s. d.
1	1	4	8	12	8	2	4	= 1. 18. 9.

If the taxes were apportioned according to the ratio or rule by which the property was valued, no matter what that ratio was, the burdens would be equally divided. If each man's property was assessed its proper share of five hundred and forty dollars, the valuation of the town, each would pay his part of three hundred and thirty-six dollars, the amount of the taxes.

moved from cotton before it could be spun. While this must be done by hand, the cost was too great for its fabrics to be introduced into common use. What was the production of cotton in 1768, I have no means of knowing, but it must have been considerable, since, in 1784, it is said that an American vessel, having on board seventy-one bags of cotton, was seized at Liverpool, for violation of revenue laws, on the ground that so large an amount of cotton could not have been produced in the United States; and when an old planter obtained fifteen small bales from five acres, it was not thought strange that he exclaimed, "Well, well, I have done with cotton; here is enough to make stockings for all the people in America!" In 1791, the export was but one hundred and eighty-nine thousand three hundred and six pounds, or less than five thousand bales. In 1860 it had reached three millions eight hundred and twelve thousand three hundred and forty-five bales. This immense increase in the production of cotton, and corresponding increase in the number of slaves, dates its origin from the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, in 1794, and its introduction into use. From that time cotton became an important article of production and commerce. In the times of our fathers, the spinning-wheel and the loom were found in every household, and were in frequent if not constant use. The garments thus produced were coarse, strong, warm, and enduring, and made up, as they mostly were, by the busy fingers of the wives, mothers, and daughters, it was a happy circumstance that there were no bills left to be paid; for the supplies of cash were scanty and hard to be got.\* The surplus produce of the farmers must be loaded upon their ox-carts, and teamed off to Groton, Concord, and Boston for a market. Slow, long, and tedious was the journey, and small the aggregate of the returns, but they sufficed for their very moderate wants. A newspaper then was rarely seen in town, and very seldom a letter. The farmers, on these market excursions, gathered up the news of the day, which, on their return, they retailed out to

\* The introduction of the manufacture of cotton and woollen goods by machinery took away from the women of the families their former employment in making domestic cloths. It was the first step toward that widespread revolution in manners and customs which has culminated in the declaration of woman's rights and the claim of the ballot for the gentle sex.

their neighbors and friends, eager listeners, on Sundays, at the intervals of worship. At the commencement of this century, and for many years after, there was scarce a household in the place that failed to be represented at the house of public worship on every fair Sunday of the season.

The post-offices at New Ipswich, established in 1800, and at Amherst probably at an earlier date, were all that we had to depend upon at the commencement of this century and for many years after. Once a week regularly one of the company of subscribers for the "Farmer's Cabinet" went to Amherst for the bundle of papers, and took letters to be mailed, and brought back from the office letters found there for our people. But this was a great advance on the means of intelligence enjoyed in 1768. Few were the newspapers then printed in the whole country, and meagre the news they had to communicate. The first newspaper printed in America was the "Boston Newsletter," in 1704; the first in Philadelphia in 1719; the first in New York in 1725; the first in New Hampshire in 1757. It was the "New Hampshire Gazette; or, State Journal, and General Advertiser," — a very large name for so small a paper, of which this is a specimen. [Here was exhibited the paper referred to, being a folio sheet fifteen inches long by nine and a half inches wide, bearing date April 2, 1788, filled principally with advertisements of lands to be sold for non-payment of taxes; among which were the advertisements of John Lawrence, and of Thomas Tarbell, collectors for the West and East sides in Mason.] This paper contained a report of debates in the House of Commons, in Parliament, under date of July 27, and news from the continent of Europe, under date of October 20. This paper was printed on a very dingy sheet, and published at Exeter, N. H. Under some changes of name it still continues to be published, being, so far as I know, the oldest newspaper published in the United States. Now newspapers crowd each other, and periodical literature is so abundant as to be a drug, and many a family in our midst would be decidedly in want of news, if going to church on Sunday were the condition on which their supply depended. So again, instead of being forced as our fathers were, to gather up the little surplus of their harvests and haul it off upon their ox-carts to distant markets, our farmers find a ready sale for their produce at their own doors, or at the neighboring cities and

villages, within easy distance, or they can despatch it to Boston in three hours' time by railroad. So again, with regard to the knowledge of what is going on in the world abroad, the difference is as marked as in the matter just alluded to. Then, news from England, in our cities on the sea-board, five months old, was fresh and racy; now we must have it in three hours, or we grumble at the length of time taken by the Atlantic Cable to convey intelligence, and in less than a week we have news of a victory achieved by the English troops in the heart of Abyssinia,—a country of which little more was then known than we now know of the inhabitants of the moon. Just one hundred years ago, in 1768, James Bruce set out on his adventurous journey into that country in search of the sources of the Nile, which eluded his vision, and were only revealed almost one hundred years after to Baker, the enterprising traveller.

Then news at Boston seven days old from New York was swift enough for an express. Now if we cannot obtain news from Washington in less than the same number of minutes, we become almost frantic, and talk of starting new telegraph companies; then sloop navigation was the only water communication between New York and Albany, depending mainly on the wind, which, failing often, made the voyage that of weeks, and which with the most favorable winds was seldom made in less than four days. But a great revolution in intercourse and means of communication between distant places and countries was about to take place. Steam had been used as a propelling power, but had never succeeded in carrying *itself* along with what it propelled. Upon railroads, stationary engines had applied steam to the movement of cars, but proved to be a very limited and inefficient mode of affecting transit. But in August, 1807, sixty-one years ago, the problem of the steam-power transporting itself with the vehicle it moved was solved by Fulton. On the 7th of August, in that year, commenced a successful operation in the use of steam, that has revolutionized the business of the world. Then Robert Fulton started in the first steamboat that would go,—the Clermont,—on a voyage from New York to Albany. Most people doubted the success of the experiment, and many were looking on expecting to witness a failure. But at the word of the inventor the wheels began to move, slowly at first, but on they went faster and faster,

until the Clermont, freighted with happy friends surrounding the inventor, vanished out of sight up the river, leaving the doubters and scoffers staring in blank amazement. Thousands lined the banks of the river all along to Albany, to witness the wonder. It is said that the inhabitants of Newburg turned out in a body "to see a blacksmith shop go by." From that time to this, improvements have been made in the construction of steamboats, and the engines for moving them, until the ocean is spanned by these swift messengers moving from land to land, from our country to Europe in eight days, and carrying often one thousand persons in safety, comfort, and ease. Fulton's boat moved on to Albany at the rate of about six miles an hour. In 1867, just sixty years after this doubtful but successful experiment, the "Chauncey Vibbard," a steamer of the Albany day-line, made the voyage from New York to Albany at the rate of thirty miles an hour, carrying five hundred and fifty passengers. How little do we yet appreciate the immense importance of that voyage of the little steamboat Clermont? Steamboats and railroads are the bands that bind the Union together. Without them what could we do with the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, and California? Without them how could we have subdued the rebellion?

Fulton having successfully solved the problem of making steam carry itself and its cargo upon the water, it remained for Stephenson to apply the same principle to steam upon the land; to do which with perfect success taxed his inventive powers and his patience in experiments from 1815 to 1825, when the iron horse, carrying his huge train of cars, was made ready to be sent careering over the plains, through the mountains, across the rivers, through deep cuts and over deep fillings, from land's end to land's end, and making cities once a day's journey apart to be but suburbs of each other; thus giving to the business of the nineteenth century a magnitude and momentum greater than that of the whole volume of the five preceding centuries. Let us compare, for a few moments, the state and movements of business before and since that epoch.

In 1764 the mail went twice a week from New York to Philadelphia, and since the close of the Revolutionary War a saddle-bag-boy has carried the mail without any protection between these cities.\* When the mail-bags were placed in a sulkey to be carried

\* TRAVELLING IN NEW YORK ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The advertisement, of which we here give a literal copy, is deserving of preservation,



over the same road, the people were lost in astonishment at the increase of business, and were utterly amazed when they saw them for that purpose committed to a four-horse coach. Now a large railroad car is required to carry the mail between these cities, and it is despatched two or three times a day for that purpose. Passengers, instead of taking three days to make the journey in a mud-wagon, as in 1768, now may, eight times in twenty-four hours, step on board a commodious car, choosing the time to suit themselves, and reclining at ease, reading the news, conversing with a friend, amusing themselves in any way, or passing the hours in profound sleep, make the journey between these cities in about four hours.\* In 1865, thirty-five tons of mail matter were daily received at the post-office in New York city, for its citizens, and fifty-five tons were sent from that office every day. The average

on account of the quaintness of the inn-signs, the peculiarity of the spelling and diction, the "shifting" of the passengers which it announces, and the general idea it gives us of the way in which travelling was performed in America at the time it was issued:—

"Philadelphia STAGE-WAGGON, and New York STAGE-BOAT performs their Stages twice a Week.

"JOHN BUTLER, with his waggon, sets out on Mondays from his House. at the Sign of the Death of the Fox, in Strawberry Ally, and drives the same day to Trenton Ferry, when Francis Holman meets him, and proceeds on Tuesday to Brunswick, and the passengers and goods being shifted into the waggon of Isaac Fitzrandolph, he takes them to the New Blazing Star to Jacob Fitzrandolph's the same day, where Ruben Fitzrandolph, with a boat well suted, will receive them, and take them to New York that night. John Butler returning to Philadelphia on Tuesday with the passengers and goods delivered to him by Francis Holman, will again set out for Trenton Ferry on Thursday, and Francis Holman, &c., will carry his passengers and goods, with the same expedition as above to New-York.

—*Weekly Mercury*.

"March 8, 1759."

\*"For speed and ease, cars are of course unsurpassed; but for romance, observation, interest, there is nothing like the old-fashioned stage-coach. Cars are city, coaches are country; cars are the luxurious life of well-born and long-pursed people; coaches are the stirring, eventful career of people who have their own way to make in the world. Cars shoot on independent, thrusting off your sympathy with a snort; coaches admit you to all the little humanities; every jolt harmonizes and adjusts you till you become a locomotive world, tunelessly rolling in your own orbit, independent of the larger world beneath."—Gail Hamilton, vol. vi., p. 197 (Gala Days).

number of mail-bags received was three hundred and eighty-five, and of those sent out seven hundred and thirteen ; the number of letters and newspapers collected by the carriers for the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1865, was over three millions, and the number delivered by them over three millions six hundred thousand. The delivery from the post-office boxes for the same time was over five millions, and the business and number of bags and letters have vastly increased since that day.

But time would fail me to speak of the telegraph, by which a message can be sent across the Atlantic in a space of time too short to be measured ; of gas, which, in-doors, preceded by the tallow-candle through all the vicissitudes of spermaceti, of lamps of various forms and patterns, consuming oils and many illuminating substances, now makes our parlors luminous with a light brighter than the sun, and in the streets, superseding links, cressets, lanterns, and street lamps, now makes at midnight our streets bright as at noonday ; of the express, by which for a very trifling charge you may send a message or a package from Boston to Jerusalem, and be sure it will arrive at the stipulated time, and by which orphaned children have been sent from San Francisco to their friends in Connecticut ; of the railroads crossing the continent and interlacing the country in all directions, working a total revolution in the business habits of the people ; of the Croton Aqueduct, a structure of which Rome in her proudest days might well have been proud ; of friction matches, which have taken the place of the tinder-box, which many of you never heard of, and most of you never saw, but which a few gray-headed men and women have cause to remember by reason of having had the skin torn from their knuckles by the unlucky collision with the flint or steel ; of the immense influx of gold, following discoveries of deposits of that metal in California, Australia, and the spurs of the Rocky Mountains ; of improvements in machinery and manufactures of every kind ; in navigation, in the means of warfare and defence, most of them tending greatly to promote the comfort, convenience, and permanent good of the human family, — all of which tend to make illustrious the century which, with us, has just closed, the anniversary of which we are assembled to-day to celebrate. Nothing shows the immense increase of business in this country within the last few years, as compared with the state of things in 1768, in a more striking light

than the fact that the yearly sales of a single mercantile house in New York, that of H. B. Claflin & Co., in the year 1865, as returned by them to the tax-gatherer, exceeded seventy millions of dollars, — a sum no doubt much greater than the yearly sales of all the mercantile houses in all the colonies in the year 1768.

If time permitted, I could find much to say about events in the past century which have left permanent impressions, and are matters of interest to us of the present day. Wonderful discoveries in Australia, in Central Africa, in the catacombs of Egypt, displaying to us vivid pictures of Egyptian life three thousand years ago; the unfolding of mummies, deciphering the hieroglyphics; the discovery and laying bare the buried cities of Nineveh and Babylon; the bringing to the light of day the long-hidden historical records of those ancient monarchies, engraved in arrow-headed characters, which modern ingenuity has succeeded in reading; the American Revolution, which commenced a new chapter in the history of the world; the terrible wars of the French Revolution; the career of Napoleon Bonaparte; the growing up of the colossal empire of Russia; the marvellous increase of the British power in India; the increase, insolence, and overthrow of the slave power in the United States; the emancipation of twenty millions of serfs in Russia, — all of these might be embraced in a review of the century just closed.

In matters of belief, and in the habits and customs of domestic life, many changes have in the same period taken place, which might be worthy of note. Witches, sorcerers, and ghosts have disappeared along with wigs, cues, knee-breeches, shoe-buckles, and cocked hats, and in their places have come Mesmerism, Mormonism, spiritualism, spirit-rappings, table-turnings, and clairvoyance, and changes of dress on the part of ladies, through every conceivable variety, culminating at this day in the smallest possible "love of a bonnet" contrasted with the most magnificent amplitude of a skirt. But we might point to the dandy gentleman, whose period has but barely gone by; his waist pinched to a wasp-like form, decked with a shirt-collar, starch-stiffened, and rising above his eyes and ears, — inconvenient and troublesome to the wearer as is that useless appendage, the blinders on the bridle, which many foolishly continue to keep as a part of the harness head-dress of their horses, — topped out with the stove-pipe hat, and termi-

nating with the swallow-tail coat, and conclude rightly that, on the score of the ridiculous in personal adornments, the sexes are so nearly even that neither can laugh at the other.

One hundred years ago, nails were made by the blacksmith by hand labor, each hammered out singly; now by machinery nails are made by hundreds at a time and shovelled up by the bushel; then, all framing work was done with the pod-auger; now, most people, if they should meet with that tool, would not know what it was, or to what use it could be put, and, if told, would still be unable to use it. Then, blood-letting was universally practised by all physicians; now, it is so rare that few have ever witnessed the operation; then, a case of small-pox spread terror through a wide region; now, it is not as much dreaded or considered so dangerous as a case of typhus fever. Training-days and musters, institutions of that and the subsequent ages, have gone by forever; then, fish were common and plenty in our streams, and the lordly salmon and luscious shad and brisk and bony alewife could be had by all for the taking, and constituted a good share of the food of the people. Now, a man who spends half a day and catches two pounds of trout, the largest not much longer than his finger, thinks he has done bravely, and that he is well paid for his labor; then, and for long after, our forests and orchards were filled with birds; the wren and the marten builded about our houses and made all cheerful with their songs and busy pursuit of their daily duties; the woodpeckers, diligently digging the worms out of the trees in our orchards, were fairly entitled to the protection of man, but, instead of receiving this reward for their useful labors, they have been exposed to a war of extermination on his part, and have left us entirely, and in their place, as a just punishment for his ingratitude and folly, he is forced to contend single-handed with an army of insects, which threatens the total destruction of all the fruits of the garden and orchard.

One of the changes, which we cannot notice without sadness and alarm, is the great diminution in the number of children to be found among us. School-houses in some districts, in which formerly seats could not be found sufficient to accommodate the crowd that flocked to them, can now scarcely muster a dozen scholars. Then it was not unusual to find in all neighborhoods families in which, going from house to house, you might count in each from ten to twelve children; you will now find the number

dwindled away to two or three, and in many houses none are found. How sad must be that dwelling in which the prattle of little tongues and the pattering of little feet have never been heard ! In this connection, I cannot but advert to the frequency and facility of divorces, — a change which indicates anything but a promising future for the republic. Marriage is now got up on the sly, without publishment of the banns, and is often ended by divorce, also got up by one party on the sly, without notice to the other party.

Great changes have also taken place in the religious aspects of the community. Public worship was then supported by taxes paid by all ; now, by voluntary contribution paid by few ; then, the children were trained and drilled in the Westminster Catechism, at the fireside, and at times in the church, on set days ; now, the Sunday schools have banished the catechism, with what good result remains to be seen. Missions to the heathen are a modern institution, now beginning to show good fruit. Then, there were no bishops in the land ; now, the three great Episcopal churches, the English, the Roman, and the Methodist, number one hundred and thirteen archbishops and bishops in the United States. The first Methodist conference was held at Philadelphia, in June, 1773. It was attended by ten members, among whom was Asbury, afterwards bishop. Its total membership reported was *eleven hundred and sixty*. In 1869, this church numbered nine bishops, one hundred conferences, twenty thousand presiding elders, district and local preachers, and a membership of one million five hundred thousand. Bishop White, the first bishop of the English Church, was consecrated in 1787 ; now that church has a house of bishops numbering fifty-two. The first bishop of the Roman Catholic Church was consecrated at Baltimore in 1790 ; now that church has seven archbishops and forty-five bishops.

The Universalist and Unitarian denominations were not known one hundred years ago, in this country, even by name.

During the one hundred years just closed this town has passed through three periods of actual war. The clouds which foreshadowed the first were gathering and threatening in the horizon at the very time when our forefathers met at their first town meeting. Their records soon show that they were expecting and preparing for the conflict, and when war actually came they were ready to meet it. Capt. Benjamin Mann, with his company, marched to

Cambridge, and joined the patriot army, and took part in the battle of Bunker Hill, in which one of his company, Joseph Blood, is known to have been killed, and one other, Ebenezer Blood, Jr., was probably killed, as he was never heard of after that day. His name is not found on the roll of the company. Undoubtedly he joined it only, on the time of the battle, as a volunteer. The evidence of his service and fall in the fight rests only on tradition; but that has been uniform and uncontradicted. I mention it as a remarkable fact that a sister of this soldier, Mrs. Naomi Nutting, at the age of ninety-six years, hale and hearty, is present with us at this meeting in the full enjoyment of her faculties.\* In the "History of Mason," to which I have referred, will be found the names of ninety-one inhabitants of the town who served in the army or navy in the war of the Revolution, most of them on behalf of the town, but some for other towns or places. The number of inhabitants of the town was about five hundred; so that nearly one in five of all the inhabitants of the town, including men, women, and children, old and young, took part in the strife of the battle-fields. It is impossible to make out, with any satisfactory certainty, the amount of pecuniary burdens borne by our fathers in that war. That their energies and means were taxed to the utmost is apparent, and that the demands upon them were promptly met is also shown by their records; but the fact that all the sums paid and burdens borne are not fully recorded, and the more important fact, that after the year 1777 the currency was continually depreciating, render it hardly possible now to ascertain what was the true value of the sums assessed and paid as taxes. Very many interesting facts and details in relation to these matters will be found in the history referred to. In this war the town was united in the prosecution of the contest. There was but one tory in the town, and he was soon driven away. His property was confiscated, and his land sold by the authorities of the State, and he ended his days in Groton, his native place, in poverty and wretchedness. No State in the Union was so thoroughly loyal to the patriot cause, and so free from toryism, in those days, as the State of New Hampshire, and no town in the State was more patriotic and unanimous in prosecuting the war to the end than the town of Mason.

\* Mrs. Nutting here came forward on the stage, and was received with hearty cheers.

In the war of 1812, a very different state of feeling existed in the town. Many thought the war was needless, and that it was brought on not by any worthy cause, but by party management. The politics of the town, as indicated by the choice of representatives in the years 1811, 12, 13, 14, and 15, showing a change from one party to the other, each successive year prove that the parties were very evenly balanced. The only call for soldiers from the town was made by the Governor, for the defence of Portsmouth. The names of eleven persons who volunteered, or were drafted for this service, appear on page 141 of the History of Mason. In the report of the Adjutant-General, published in 1868, the names of fourteen persons are inserted as having been in the service from the town of Mason. The names of those in the last list, and not in the first, are Jason Dunster, Jr., Ensign in Captain Putnam's company; William Foster, "absent, sick." In Captain Gregg's company, Timothy Darling, Zebulon Jefts, Isaiah Robbins, Shebuel Shattuck, and Joses Bucknam. Some of these served as substitutes for those who volunteered or were drafted. To these should be added the name of Ebenezer Gilman, who served in the campaign, but whose name appears in the list for Brookline, as substitute for Samuel Glines, of Brookline.

The war of the Rebellion found much less unanimity of sentiment among the people of the town than that of the Revolution, but still a very decided majority was in favor of supporting the "old flag;" and in this majority was to be reckoned a large number of the Democratic party. The purpose to make the burdens and expenses of the military service a common charge upon the town was very generally resolved upon and acquiesced in. In the Appendix will be found a list of those who served in that war, either as volunteers or drafted men, or who procured substitutes or paid commutation. The whole number is one hundred and twenty-one. The amount of money paid by the town for bounties, and hiring soldiers, and other expenses of that war, is twenty-six thousand four hundred and seventy-four dollars and forty-four cents, as follows:—

Bounties, etc., . . .	\$25,675.18
Expenses, . . .	799.26
	<hr/>
	\$26,474.44

I here present a few sketches or pictures of scenes which were often to be witnessed here many years ago, the recollection of which now rests only in the memory of a few of the aged among us, who must soon join the great company of the departed, and leave none behind them to tell these stories of the past.

And first, a Sunday, such as was then often seen. It is a morning of balmy June. Everything is fresh and green. Every tree is in full leaf. Native flowers are blooming all around, and all the birds are singing in chorus full of joy. The old meeting-house on the hill; neatly and deftly swept by the careful hands of Dr. Barber's daughters, stands cool and comfortable, doors and windows open, filled with sweet and refreshing odors, promising peace and quiet, inviting all to enter. In all directions, the roads and the by-paths across the fields and pastures are alive with men and women, youths and maidens, dressed in their plain and homely Sunday's best, humble, grave, and peaceful, approaching the sanctuary. Some are on horseback, often man, woman, and child upon the same steed, but most on foot. Colonel Wood winds up the hill, himself and wife in chaise, and his one-horse wagon full to overflowing with his woman-kind, and the rest of his numerous family following on horseback or on foot. Here comes Lieutenant Obadiah Parker, on foot, cane in hand, his ample waistcoat and shirt-bosom open to the breeze, and his coat hanging over his arm. From the same quarter and on the same road, come families of worshippers by the names of Manning, Boynton, Wheeler, Amsden, Parker, Robins, Jests, Searles, Merriam, Whipple, Warren, Davis, Barrett, Snow. From another road, come, by names of Whitaker, Flagg, Fay, Lawrence, Woods, Hodgman, Shattuck, Farwell, Weston, Barrett, Hosmer, Davis, Wheelock, a long procession. From the south, on another road, by the names of Wilson, Winship, Swallow, Brown, Blood, Barrett, Smith, Robbins, Webber. From the east, of Davis, Tarbell, Russell, Smith, Blood, Barrett, Hill, Elliott, Flagg, Scripture, Gilman, Withington, Hunt, Herrick, Withee, Kemp. From the north, of Buss, Tufts, Blood, Elliott, Russell, Williams, Shed, Bucknam, Barrett, Boynton, Brown, Baldwin, Eaton, Gray, and John Pratt walking alone in the middle of the road, talking to himself, his wife following about four rods behind him, in the same footsteps. From another branch come families by the name of Merriam, Holden, Bachelder, Rob-



bins, Hall, Sanders, Blood, Nutting, Bullard, Fish, Williams, Townsend, Richardson. On the village road, come Mann, Ames, Kendall, Blodgett, Hill, Darling, Felton, Dunster, Adams, Chickering, Newell, and a troop more from the village,\* led on by Deacon Dakin. All are prompt and intent to be in season. The cavalry have dismounted and stabled their steeds in the horse-sheds, and the crowds of foot and horse men stand collected about the door, waiting the coming of the pastor. And now he appears, advancing with grave and reverent steps, bearing under his arm a small 8vo Bible, printed in Edinburgh, with the imprimatur, or rather preface, of King James, in which is folded his sermon, fully written out, in short hand of his own invention, very neatly in a little book, the pages of which are in size about six by four inches.† As he approaches, the crowd opens for him to pass, each greeting him as he goes by, and in his hand are placed the notes to be read, asking prayers, some for those in sickness and affliction, and others of thanksgiving for restored health and for mercies received.‡ With humble mien he enters the sanctuary, and ascends the pulpit stairs.

\* Then called the Harbor. A word of explanation of this term may now be deemed out of place. In the early settlement of the country, towns were laid out upon the sea-coast, on which in many of them there was a bay, cove, or mouth of a river, used as a harbor for vessels. The meeting-house, where town meetings were held and public business transacted, was at the centre of the town, but it often happened that the "Harbor" was the principal if not the only mart of trade in the place. And when, in an inland town, a locality on its border became the principal mart of trade, it was known by the same name of Harbor, as Mason Harbor, Townsend Harbor, Dunstable Harbor. Of these, Townsend Harbor, a station on the Shirley and Peterborough Railroad, is the only one now generally known by that name in this vicinity.

† The engraving here inserted is a fac-simile of a page of one of these sermons.

‡ These notes for prayer, though presented with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, sometimes contained ideas irresistibly ludicrous. An instance is the following, given me by an esteemed friend: A friend, a clergyman of the neighborhood, handed to me a note, which had the Sunday before been put into his hands, in a pulpit, as a matter to be prayed for in the regular service of a congregation not far in the interior, as follows — it was, perhaps, forty years ago: —

"Josiah ——— and wife gratefully acknowledge the death of a sister-in-law to be for their good. He also asks your prayers for further needed mercies — his wife being sick."

All immediately enter and take their seats, and the house is filled with an audience of devout and humble worshippers, more in number than, as I judge, there now assemble in the four congregations which now meet for worship in the town. As soon as quiet is restored from the noise of entering footsteps, the town clerk, John Blodgett, rises in his seat, in his pew in the front gallery, and cries or publishes the intentions of marriage of such as have desired him so to do. After invocation, the pastor reads from the sacred volume, and then gives out and reads the psalm or hymn. On this occasion let it be the sixty-third psalm of Watts: "Early, my God, without delay," etc. Benjamin Kendall, the leader, or *quirister* as he was called, names the tune; the choir rise; he gives a toot on his pitch-pipe, and off they go with that fine old fuguing tune, Montgomery. This is what is called a double tune, requiring two verses to fill the music. The second verse, —

"So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
For they must drink or die,"

embraced the fuguing part, which was upon the words, "Long for a cooling (repeated three times) stream at hand." These words, in the broad pronunciation of that day, sounded in my childhood's ears, Long Father Cooling, and suggested to my inexperienced mind that the Pilgrims were calling upon some tall old gentleman by the name of Cooling, to show them the way to the water. The singing closed, the notes asking for prayers were then read, and the prayer followed. It was a sincere outpouring of the heart, in the spirit of devotion. There was no long statement of what God had done, or ought to do; no long story told to the Deity of what had happened; no elaborate setting forth of doctrinal points, nor a sermon or dissertation under the guise of a prayer. The case of all who had asked prayers was presented with petitions or thanksgivings appropriate to each one.

The prayer ended, the second singing followed, for which the one hundred and twenty-first psalm of Watts is given out, and the tune, is another charming fugue found in the old books,—under the name of Delight, to which the words of the third and fourth verses are peculiarly well fitted and appropriate: —

"No burning heats by day,	"Hast thou not given thy word,
Nor blasts of evening air,	To save my soul from death?
Shall take my health away,	And I can trust my Lord
If God be with me there:	To keep my mortal breath.
Thou art my sun,	I'll go and come,
And thou my shade,	Nor fear to die,
To guard my head	Till from on high
By night or noon.	Thou call me home."

Then followed the sermon, the text selected for which was always one that had a meaning, and presented a message, or called for a duty, suitable to the people and the times. The sermon was an exposition of the text; in that respect differing from many which we hear in these days, in which it is difficult to trace any connection between them. Sometimes, perhaps, with reason, we thought the sermon long. The sermon ended, a short prayer and benediction followed with the final amen, at which signal, as at a word of command, down fall all the seats with a bang, that, through the open doors and windows in a clear day, might be heard nearly half a mile off. The pews were furnished with seats hung on hinges, which were turned up when the congregation rose and stood up for prayer, the irreverent mode of sitting bolt-upright during the exercise not yet having been introduced. Then there was a rush from the galleries and the porches by those whose exit was by those doors; but those in the body of the house, who were to go out at the front door, stood, the patriarch of the household at the open pew-door, hat in hand, till the pastor descended the pulpit-stairs, and approached and passed the pew-door; then each pew, in order, poured out its occupants to follow his footsteps. Thus ended the forenoon services. Those of the afternoon were so nearly a repetition of the same order of proceedings that they need not be rehearsed.

Nothing brought the pastor so near to his people as the sad service for the burial of the dead. The dead is prepared for the grave; the mourners are assembled, and sympathizing neighbors and friends are gathered at and around the desolated dwelling. Solemn as the scenes around him is the pastor's countenance; full of sympathy with the afflicted is the tone of his voice; full of consolation and hopefulness, or of sadness and warning, are his words, as the occasion permitted or required. A tender and affectionate address is made, suited to the condition of the afflicted family and

the circumstances of the case. When the funeral services were closed, and preparation were making to move to the grave, that fiend, who does more than half the mischief that is done in the world, is seen to step in. It was understood and believed in those days that rum was a friend. His aid was invoked on all occasions. He might be misused, and then matters would go wrong. Mistake or over-doing was the ready excuse, and thus this simple people permitted an "enemy to steal away their brains." On all funeral occasions toddy must be mixed and administered to all the mourners and to all their gathered friends; but especial provision in that line must be made for the bearers. There was no hearse in those days, and the bearers were literally such. They lifted the bier upon which the coffin was laid upon their shoulders, and bore it in that manner, even from the most remote habitation in the hamlet, to the grave-yard. To strengthen themselves for this sad task they must take a strong drink, and sometimes, I almost dread to say, it proved too strong. Then, mostly on foot, the funeral train would slowly wind its way over the hills and along the valleys, with deep and solemn silence, till the grave was reached; and even then no word was uttered, — the dead was silently laid in his last resting-place, and the mournful train turned away sadly to retrace their steps to the desolated home.

The annual Thanksgiving was then the one great festival of the year. It had not been intruded upon in the slightest degree by Christmas. That was then hardly known by name, and was observed only by here and there a rare sample of what were thought by themselves, and a few others, to be tip-top gentry. Thanksgiving came at a season when the labors of the year were over. The barns, garners, cellars, and larders were filled with the abundance of the year, and a season of leisure was presented between the close of the summer and autumn labor and the commencement of winter work, which our fathers thought it worth while heartily to enjoy. The day was to be the great feast-day of the year, and the preparations therefor generally began about a week in advance of the day. Then there was a great slaughter of beeves, porkers, geese, turkeys, and other fowls; but the great business in-doors of the week preceding was the making of pies, which were made and piled up in pyramids and stacks, — especially of mince pies, — enough to last all winter. Another important prep-

aration for the festival devolved upon the singing-choir. A meeting was called, at which an anthem was selected, to be performed as a part of the public worship of the day. It was one of the old-fashioned solid pieces, in which full scope could be given to all the musical talent of the body, and to which the utmost latitude was given for all the noise the singing gallery could make, and in which there would be no danger of overdoing. Sundry meetings were held for practice, so that every one should be ready and prompt in his part. These meetings were held in the evenings, which were generally bright with moonlight, and were much enjoyed by the young folks, offering fine opportunities for flirtings, often ending in serious courtships, to be followed up in the next year's crop of weddings.

The day comes. The labor of preparing the dinner calls for the services of so many of the women that the audience to listen to the pastor's discourse is mostly composed of men. In the discourse is given a general review of the interesting incidents in the history of the town for the past year, stating in particular the number of marriages and of deaths within the period. The sermon ended, the anthem sung, and the meeting dismissed, all hurry home; but on the way many of the "grave and reverend seigniors," with hasty steps, enter into the tavern bar-room to take their modicum of that king of all tipples, flip. They find the landlord ready with his pots of beer at hand, a lively fire glowing with coals on his ample hearth, in which lies a row of loggerheads, heated to redness, with which to give the mixture of beer, rum, and sugar its proper cooking. Arrived at home, then follows the dinner, to which all the members of the family, old and young, near and distant, that can be assembled, are gathered.

The table is broadly spread, and on it are placed roast beef, spare-rib, roast turkey, geese, and chickens, and a bountiful supply of boiled meats, chickens, and vegetables is heaped upon huge pewter platters. The enormous brick oven turns out its store of pies and cakes and puddings, — Indian puddings, plum puddings, and rice puddings, — puddings that *are* puddings; that when turned out of the pots will stand up and face the company, retaining their shape till demolished by the consumers, and not, as is the fashion with puddings in these degenerate days, fall flat and squat upon the dish, and spread themselves to little purpose. A relay of

pies, of all sorts and sizes, is ready at hand to fill up any gaps that may possibly be found in the array of viands.

But some may ask, Why all this profusion and waste? I answer, there was no waste, for at that season of the year the cold weather, which had free access to the open, airy pantries of our fathers, would preserve all that was left of the feast till there was ample time to put it all to use. Besides, many a poor widow's heart was cheered with a portion of the remains, that was highly acceptable to the mouths of her hungry children.

The evening of the day was spent in merry-making by the young people, and by the elders in social chats in family gatherings at neighboring houses.

There was one other custom of those days, which will never be seen again in this place, the recollection of which will soon pass away with the demise of a few of the aged among us. It was the annual wood-hauling to supply the pastor's wood-pile for the year. On a day agreed upon and arranged by themselves, about Christmas or New Year's, the farmers and their sons, with axes, teams and sleds, at an early hour of the day, made their way into his wood-lot. Soon was heard the crash of the fall of huge trees yielding to the sturdy blows of the axe-men. These were speedily cut into sled-lengths, and loaded upon the sleds, and a long procession of teams started for the house. These teams were kept going and returning till nightfall, piling at his doors a heap like a mountain, enough to supply the roaring fires of the large open fire-place, the other fires, and the big oven, called into requisition once or twice a week, for the full year. In the mean time, early in the forenoon, could be seen another procession, tending towards the house, composed of the grandfathers and the more elderly fathers of the parish, with their wives and daughters, and some precious old maids, in sleighs, bringing with them, some, nice roasters of beef, others, legs and hams of pork, chickens, turkeys, and geese, all ready for the spit. After greetings, the men took charge of the fires, or joined their neighbors in the woods; the women donned their checked aprons, and the work of preparation for the feast commenced. Roaring fires were built on the hearth and in the oven, and busy fingers were at work on puddings and pies, the huge iron pot was swung upon the crane, filled to repletion with articles to be boiled, and the roastings were arranged with proper appa-

tus about the fires ; and by the time that the weary wood-choppers and the weary teams and teamsters came up, about sunset, the tables were spread, and a feast was prepared which even an epicure might enjoy, and while the oxen took their lunch of sweet hay from the pastor's mow, the men taking first a hearty drink of flip, after "a grace as lang's my arm," "the feast ate merrily, merrily ;" which ended, all wended their several ways home with the heart-cheering reflection that they had done a good deed.

Thus far we have been looking at the century that is past. Let us turn our thoughts for a brief space to that which is before us, upon which we have just now entered. To set forth what has been is the province of the historian. He often finds it difficult to discover and state, with truth and certainty, the facts that have taken place, in their proper light and bearing. To predict the future belongs to the prophet. His task is more difficult still, if he is left to depend on human appliances and means alone. I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, and I shall not attempt to lift the veil of the future, and show you a picture of what is to come ; but I may hazard a few conjectures as to what may take place within the next one hundred years, with the more freedom, since I may rest assured, that if, at the next centennial celebration it shall appear that my conjectures are mere empty dreams, I shall not be there to hear reproach for my presumption, or to feel mortification for the failure of my predictions.

The century commenced when the English settlements in what is now the United States extended along the Atlantic coast from the mouth of the Penobscot River to the southern limits of Georgia,—thinly scattered colonies, reaching back from the coast into the country scarcely one hundred miles. The population of all the colonies was at that time less than two million five hundred thousand, about half of what is probably now that of the State of New York. The population of New Hampshire was about fifty-two thousand seven hundred ; that of this town two hundred and seventy-eight. Those feeble, disconnected colonies depended on a government three thousand miles away. The French, at an early period, had possession of Canada and of all the country east of Maine. They had extended their posts along the lakes and down the Mississippi to its mouth, thus completely encircling the colonies, and cutting them off from any considerable extension

of their western limits. Although by the peace of 1763 these barriers were removed, no progress had been made in 1768 in pushing our settlements beyond the Ohio. Now the century closes upon a united people, in number between thirty-five and forty millions, masters of themselves and of a territory extending upon the Atlantic coast from New Brunswick to Mexico, reaching across the continent to the Pacific Ocean, and upon that ocean from the southern limits of California, excepting a fragment of British territory interposed, to the North Pole. What more probable than that the coming century will see our dominion embracing the whole continent of North America, with the adjacent islands, and our people not only masters of themselves, but, for all practical purposes, masters of the world? Public and private virtue, coupled with intelligence, will insure prosperity and national unity, and if these remain, our flag will wave over the continent and float over both oceans, and there will be no power with which, in a just cause, we may not readily cope. With a population of one hundred and fifty millions, more likely two hundred millions; with naval armaments upon both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, each a match for the united navies of the world, — nothing in the nature of things can prevent the consummation of national greatness which I have indicated. But there is looming up in prospect the frightful image of corruption, in public servants, in legislative halls, in judicial stations, in the popular elections, and in the administration of municipal, State, and national officers, which, unless speedily checked and removed, threatens the destruction of public integrity, liberty, and law. When these are gone, the body politic must waste as if consumed by an internal cancer, which certainly and surely will eat out and destroy the national life. But it is not in numbers alone that national greatness consists; we must ask not only how many they are, but what can they do? The state of mind, sluggish or active, limits national power. In this respect great and wonderful have been the results of inventive genius in the past century in this country, in its appliances to all the walks of life, and there are no signs of its exhaustion or running dry.\* Who one hundred years

\* The business of the Patent Office is the criterion of the activity of the inventive mind. Its wonderful increase in this country is shown by the



ago could have foretold the invention of the spinning-jenny, invented in 1769, the power-loom, the machinery for the manufacturing of cotton and woollen goods, the application of steam to work such machinery, the cotton-gin, the mowing, reaping, and threshing machines, without which it would now be impossible to reap our fields and prepare our harvests for market; iron ships, driven by steam, without the aid and against the force of *wind* and *tide*; railroads which bind continents together; telegraphs which annihilate time and space; stereotype printing and cylinder presses, which render the issuing from one office half a million of newspapers every week, a task easily accomplished; monitors to protect our harbors; sewing-machines; gang-saws which take in a whole tree, it may be one hundred feet long, and at one going through cuts it up bodily, and at once into boards; and although small matters in appearance, not least in usefulness, because of universal use, friction matches and shoe-pegs, made by the million and by the bushel. All these tend to relieve the human muscle from the yoke of labor, and to add to the comfort and convenience of domestic life. Inventions and discoveries, as wonderful and important as any of these, may be, and undoubtedly will be, the gains and glories of the coming century. Two important factors in the solution of the problem of the future will be associated capital in the form of railroads, manufacturing corporations, and banks; and associated poverty and labor in the form of co-operative societies. Here I may remark, that our town has the honor of having been the birthplace of two men, who, by their inventive genius and skill in adapting it to manufacturing purposes, have obtained a world-wide celebrity. Jonas Chickering, who established the house of Chickering & Sons, whose pianos are known, wherever in, or even out of, Christendom there is any music, was a native of this town; and Walter A. Wood, the founder of the house of Walter A. Wood & Co., whose mowing-machines totally and entirely distanced all competitors at the great Paris Exposition, was born in this town. The fathers of each, Abner Chickering and Aaron Wood, were blacksmiths, and were patterns of industry in hammering at the anvil.

statement, that in 1847 the number of patents issued was five hundred and seventy-two; in 1869, thirteen thousand nine hundred and eighty-six.

But let us look, for a few moments, at matters that more immediately concern us all. Many think that New England has seen its best days, and that signs of decadence, speedily to be manifested, are discernible. I am not of that number. The activity, energy, enterprise, and intelligence of her people forbid such a result. All history shows that a people dwelling upon the sea-board, in a temperate climate, have always been able to hold their own against the competition of dwellers inland. Of the continued manufacturing and commercial prosperity of New England none but croakers doubt. But the alarm is sounded by those, who, upon a hasty survey, have pronounced its agricultural prosperity not alone to be waning, but gone. This conclusion seems to me hasty, if confined to the present time, and utterly false as a prediction of the future. There never was a time when a greater amount of what is used for the sustenance of men, and of marketable articles, was produced in this town than at present. The fields of skilful cultivators show no signs of exhaustion, and the number of such is every year increasing. The agricultural press is doing a great work in stimulating and encouraging efforts in this direction. There is not a farm in town that has not on it one acre at least, and many have more than one, which produces a crop as remunerating to the owner as an average acre of the boasted prairie country. On all these farms such acres can be increased, — in most cases largely increased, — and the coming century will see the number of such acres multiplied to an extent which would now be pronounced incredible. In this connection, it is worth while to mention that quarries of granite have recently been open and worked in this town, lying contiguous to the railroad, which are said to be not surpassed in quality by any in New England, and to be inexhaustible in quantity, promising in the future abundant employment at remunerating prices. There is much territory which is apparently exhausted, and on which cultivation should not be attempted; but this land is far from being useless or worthless. About one third of our land, including that just described, should be devoted to wood. All the hill-tops and hill-sides which are too rough for cultivation, and on which the cattle find but scanty herbage, should be given up to the forest. I have travelled in many States, and have had many opportunities of observation and knowledge in that line, and can

say that in no part of our country does the forest assert its right to live, with so persistent and determined a vigor, as upon our hills. It cannot be subdued. Horace says, that "if you drive out nature with a fork, it will come back in spite of you."

The axe, the fire, and the plough will not subdue our forests without the most continued efforts. Let us, then, follow the plain indications of nature, and permit the forests to clothe all our rocky hill-sides. Such lands, now growing up to young wood, with proper usage will yield a constant revenue, equal to that reaped from most of the other acres of the farm, and at the same time will increase in value at a ratio that would be satisfactory to the most greedy money-lender. This course pursued will be attended with another great and blessed result. It will not only preserve our wasted and waning rivers and streams, but in time restore them, in a good degree, to their original and native volume, and will aid much, with other proper efforts in that direction, to re-stock our rivers, streams, ponds, and lakes, with the fish, salmon, shad, and alewives, that before the dams were built, and the forests swept away, were so abundant in all our waters.

Upon the topic of the agricultural future of New England, I could say much; but want of time will not permit me to enlarge. I will, however, state that, in the year 1856, there was published in the "New England Farmer," a series of articles, written evidently by a man of education and sound sense, in which the former and present agricultural condition of England was compared, county by county, every one of which was gone over and carefully examined; and he expressed it to be his deliberate judgment that the original agricultural capacity of England was not superior to that of New England; that one hundred years ago the condition of agriculture in England was little, if in any degree, superior to that of New England at the present day; and he went on to show that the present high and flourishing state of agriculture in England was brought about and is wholly dependent upon the raising and feeding of cattle, of course including sheep. With the introduction, or rather production, of better breeds of animals, and the more common-sense and scientific modes of feeding and preparing them for the market, the agricultural interest there began its prosperous career, which has gone on increasing to the present day. The effect was produced by so feeding the cattle that, at eighteen

months and two years old, they would weigh more and bring a higher price in the market than under the old system they would weigh and produce at the age of five and six years, so that in fact the expense of keeping the cattle two or three years was saved to the owner. Again, the new mode of feeding added vastly to the quantity and value of the manure, which is to the farmer what his cash capital is to the merchant.

"When a heavy stock is kept on any farm, and fed in a thoroughly liberal way, with the very best of everything, the immense quantity of rich manure will feed the land in a corresponding way, and bring the whole farm into such a high condition that double and triple crops can be grown. Thus the profits will go on increasing. . . . Any man having cattle, and being afraid to feed them, had best give up agricultural pursuits at once. . . . High feeding is of the utmost importance, to the live stock and to the land; and any one, no matter who, having too faint a heart to carry out the programme, must succumb and end his career in disappointment."\*

In England, by the improved agriculture above referred to, the average crop of wheat has been increased from about eight bushels to nearly forty bushels to the acre, and about the same ratio of increase will be found in most of the other productions of the soil. Such crops are not produced without a liberal expenditure of means to put the land into proper order, and of manures, and of cultivation for the crops. There is no State of New England in which farms cannot be found managed with results as profitable to the owners as the average of farms in England. All that is wanted to bring the agriculture of New England up to the standard of that of England is capital and skill, both of which the English farmers possess in an eminent degree, and both of which our farmers, in general, sadly lack. There is nothing in the climate or soil that forbids success. An acre of Indian corn, upon an acre of land as well prepared for the crop as the English farmer prepares his for wheat, will produce with us a crop as valuable as the English farmer's crop of wheat, and will cost no more in cultivation.

The great difference between the English and American farmer is this: The American farmer expends his whole capital, and some-

\* Country Gentleman.

times runs deeply in debt, for the purchase of a farm, and has nothing left in the way of means wherewith to carry it on successfully, and consequently suffers great embarrassments for want of such means, all of which renders his efforts, in a great measure, abortive; and yet some, by perseverance and good luck, will succeed in this up-hill road. On the other hand, the English farmer buys no land. He reserves all his capital to furnish means to carry on his farm, for which he pays a rent to the owner, and depends on the proceeds of the farm for means to pay the rents and add to his capital; and in this mode, all, with few exceptions, succeed to their heart's content. There is nowhere to be seen a more hearty, cheerful, contented individual than the English farmer. Now, why should not the same mode be practised in New England? In every New England State there are thousands of farms in good condition as to lands, houses, farm-buildings, and situation, where schools, churches, and roads are all ready for use, left in the hands of old men whose sons have gone to seek employment in the cities, or to the mines or prairies, who would be glad to rent their farms to good, faithful men, for a share of the crops, or for a money rent. Why, then, should not our young men adopt the English system, and use their capital, not in buying land, but to furnish the means to carry on a farm to profit, for so many years that they shall be able to buy and stock a good farm for themselves? "Earn more than you spend, is a rule short and simple. It is hard for a young man to follow it, but it leads to independence. Good judgment, industry, economy, and perseverance are sure to end in wealth. The place makes little difference. While many start for the great West, others will not go out of the sound of the bells of the city, and will make as much money from a patch that you can throw a stone across, as a Pike's Peak colonist will on his square mile. There is everything in the *man*, nothing in the *chance*; for the right kind of man makes his own chance." \*

It is often said of an unsuccessful farmer that he has too much land. It is never said of a successful farmer. The true state of the case is admirably set forth by Horace Greeley, in these words: "He who has but fifty acres has too much if he lets part of his land lie idle and unproductive, for lack of team or hands to till it

\* New York Tribune.

efficiently ; while he who has a thousand acres has none too much, if he has the means and talents wherewith to make the best of it all."

Four hundred years ago, Holland was nothing but heaps of sand-hills, thrown up by the booming of the waves of the North Sea, in the midst of bogs, liable to the overflows of rivers and of the ocean ; a more unpropitious spot and condition could not be found on which to attempt to build up a flourishing community. To dam out the ocean and the waters of the rivers was the only mode by which the country could be made inhabitable. To do this, it was necessary to bring from Norway whole forests of trees, and millions of tons of rocks, — no trees nor rocks being found within its bounds fit for such purposes ; and yet the sluggish Dutch, as we are sometimes ready to style them, made that unpropitious and inhospitable mud-bank the most flourishing agricultural country in the world. And the foundation of its agricultural prosperity rests wholly upon its herds of cattle. The richest and choicest beef and butter and cheese go, in Dutch ships, to the London market, from pastures actually lower than the surface of the ocean, and from which the water is constantly pumped out by machinery, moved by immense wind-mills.\*

The inhabitants of Holland are stated to be	3,699,744
Their cattle, including horses, sheep, and swine,	3,528,807
The inhabitants of Mason number about	2,000
Their cattle, horses, sheep, and swine, about	1,200

Let our people increase their cattle to the number of, say 1891, which is near the Dutch standard, and feed them and care for them

\* "In every branch of human industry, these republicans took the lead. On that scrap of solid ground, rescued by human energy from the ocean, were the most fertile pastures in the world. On those pastures grazed the most famous cattle in the world. An ox often weighed more than two thousand pounds. The cows produced two and three calves at a time, the sheep four and five lambs. In a single village, four thousand kine were counted. Butter and cheese were exported, to the annual value of a million, and salted provisions to an incredible extent. The farmers were industrious, thriving, and independent. It is an amusing illustration of the agricultural thrift and republican simplicity of this people, that, on one occasion, a farmer proposed to Prince Maurice that he should marry his daughter, promising her a dowry of one hundred thousand florins." — Motley, *United Netherlands*, Vol. iv., p. 552.

as carefully and skilfully as they feed and care for theirs, and the agricultural wealth of the town will at once be increased more than one hundred per cent. Not only so, but the ratio of increase will be constantly advancing. The more cattle the more manure; the more manure the greater and better crops, and thus the land will be enriched, and will enrich its owners. But without liberal feeding, especially of young animals, no progress can be made. A calf cannot be cheated out of a pint of milk. He keeps an accurate account with you, and, at the end of the year, you will find yourself charged in the balance-sheet with every scanty meal, and every case of neglect and ill-usage with which he has been served. It should be borne in mind that agriculture is by no means the sole employment of the people of Holland. A large share of their energies is devoted to the business of commerce, manufactures, and fisheries. The same is true of the people of New England. In each a happy diversity of employments tends to individual well-being and to national prosperity.

The ratio of neat or horned cattle in the United States, by the census of each of the years 1840, 1850, and 1860, was eighty per cent., not varying one per cent. from that number in either census; that is, there were eighty cattle for each one hundred people in the United States. Of course some States had more and some less than that number. That average would require the number of neat cattle for this town to be about sixteen hundred. It is about seven hundred and sixty-one. The Dutch average would require the number, including horses, sheep, and swine, to be about eighteen hundred and ninety-one. It is about twelve hundred and ninety. Let it be increased to the standard of the census, or to the Dutch standard in numbers, and to the Dutch or English standard in care and feeding; and with our facilities for marketing our agricultural and horticultural productions, our prosperity is insured for all time. Shall our next anniversary witness this result? Farmers, the answer rests with you.

NOTE. — For many of the facts, and sometimes for the language in which they are stated, I am indebted to the "History of New York City," by William L. Stone. I take this mode of acknowledgment, rather than to encumber the page with marks of quotation and foot-notes.

# POEM.

*Nathaniel.*

BY REV. EDWIN R. HODGMAN.

Two travelers o'er the Alpine cliffs,  
Slow toiling up from height to height,  
Through snow, wind-whirled, in massive drifts,  
Surveyed with wonder and delight  
The grandeur of the mountain-pass,  
The poised and threatening avalanche,  
The towering crags, the deep crevasse,  
The rugged ice-wall, cold and stanch,  
Till, through a vista stretching far,  
In clear perspective 'gainst the sky, —  
As when at night some brilliant star,  
Through breaking clouds, bursts on the eye, —  
They saw revealed a sight most rare :  
Carved on the pure and virgin snow,  
In profile wrought unique and fair,  
With heavenward look as if to show  
Whence all its grace and brightness flowed,  
Appeared a perfect human face,  
And there in mellow sunlight glowed.  
No painter's hand hath skill to trace  
A portrait so divinely sweet,  
So nobly grand, so simply true,  
In every feature all complete,  
Beyond what mortal art can do.  
'Twas *woman's* likeness, pure, refined,  
Tender, contemplative, serene, —  
A soul by Nature's hand enshrined,  
A human face with angel's mien.  
This beauteous form, the snow-wraith's child,  
Rested in statue-like repose,  
And seemed a spirit undofiled,  
Pure as the bed from which it rose.



Spellbound the travelers stood ; for speech  
 Is tame and worthless at such time  
 When the full soul essays to reach  
 A thing of beauty so sublime.  
 Then one, an artist, strove to make  
 A picture of that face so rare,  
 To grasp its loveliness and take  
 True likeness of the snow-child there.  
 A hundred times his pencil drew  
 An image, yet so poor, so faint,  
 So all unlike the thing he knew,  
 That in despair, with woful plaint,  
 He dropped his work ; then sought again  
 To catch and trace the subtle line,  
 The look intent, — 'twas all in vain ;  
 The angel baffled his design.  
 There in mute ecstasy he stood ;  
 The ice-fields all around him gleamed,  
 The hoary peaks seemed praising God,  
 And over all a *glory* streamed.  
 But first and chief in that glad hour,  
 Was that sweet face to heaven inclined,  
 Whose wondrous contour foiled his power, —  
 Soul of the sunshine and the wind !

So to the gaze of every man  
 Whose heart a true ambition fires,  
 Whose life fulfils some noble plan,  
 And after truth and right aspires,  
 A vision comes of something grand,  
 And wakens every latent power.  
 The prize appears, and his own hand  
 Must grasp it as his lawful dower.  
*He climbs the mount* and sees afar  
 The thing he longs for and must gain.  
 From this no toil, no fate shall bar ;  
 He feels the strife in every vein.  
 And strife means action, sturdy, real ;  
 The aim is high, the motive strong,  
 And he must reach his own ideal.  
 But few, indeed, of all the throng  
 Of kingly souls who seek a crown,  
*Here* find the glory they would win,  
 Here gain the coveted renown,  
 Or satisfy the thirst within.

When this new world, the occident,  
 Loomed up to men across the wave,  
 Then hither came, with just intent,  
 The good and true, the pure and brave.  
 They fled from stern oppression's rule,  
 From bigotry and tyranny,  
 From the mad rage of sect and school,  
 To be in these wild regions *free*, —  
 Free as the mountain breeze that wafts  
 The light and fleecy cloud along ;  
 Free as the limpid brook that laughs  
 And sings the winsome little song.  
 The old world cast them out with *hate*,  
 The new world took them in with *love*,  
 And here they built a Christian State,  
 With faith and hope in God above.  
 Hard was the labor, fierce the strife,  
 That with heroic valor brought  
 Our great Republic into life,  
 Our nation's glorious birthright bought  
 With price untold, — *freedom to think*,  
*To dare, and do.* No cowards they  
 From toll or danger e'er to shrink ;  
 They kept their faith and won the day.

One hundred years ago, these hills  
 Responded to the piercing cry  
 Of wolf or wild-cat ; at these rills  
 Drank trembling fawns, so coy and shy ;  
 Forests with thick, umbrageous gloom  
 Spread far and wide ; wild fruits matured  
 Unplucked by man ; the choice perfume  
 Of flowers no human foot allured ;  
 The hawk and raven built their nest  
 Unscared ; the timid fish, uncaught,  
 Swam the deep pools ; and nature, dressed  
 In pristine garb, with grace untaught,  
 Looked queenly in the eye of heaven.  
 Let fancy draw the picture then,  
 Since to *her* touch such skill is given :  
 Along each winding stream and glen,  
 Stretch groves of pale, deciduous trees ;  
 The slopes are crowned with evergreen ;

No woodman's axe hath humbled these ;  
 No Vandal's touch hath marred the scene.  
 The circling hills in order stand,  
 The crown is on Monadnoc's brow,  
 And, rippling over rock and sand,  
 Our gentle river floweth now  
 Untrammelled to the boundless sea.  
 Here is primeval solitude.  
 Behold, what sweet simplicity !  
 See nature in her loveliest mood !

Not from the court or council-hall  
 Not from the home of wealth and pride,  
 From titled ranks, or great, or small,  
 With greed of gain unsatisfied,  
 Came they who first a pathway cleared  
 Through the wide forest, thick and drear,  
 Built their rude cabins, and upreared  
 A house for Him whom all revere.  
 Strong, hardy men, with instincts true  
 Laid the foundations of the town ;  
 They kept a noble end in view,  
 And worked for *God*, not for renown.

Debtors to no man's lore or skill,  
 They bore the stress of constant toil ;  
 With patience and unconquered will  
 They strove to make a stubborn soil  
 Pay tribute to unwearying care.  
 Unlearned they were, uncouth and rough,  
 But men of faith and men of prayer ;  
 Men fashioned of the sternest stuff.  
 Were they not heroes, though their names  
 Are blazoned not on martial rolls ?  
 True men, whose sterling virtue shames  
 The meanness of some modern souls ?

Of Lawrence, Parker, Mann, and Hall,  
 Speak we to-day with reverence due ;  
 Of Barrett, Dakin, Elliott, all —  
 “ *They builded better than they knew.* ”

These and their compeers passed away ;  
 But on, with varying fortune, ran  
 The bright succession, till to-day  
 Our mother boasts a worthy clan  
 Of sons and daughters, native born,  
 Or else adopted, *re-baptized*,  
*God-given*, her annals to adorn,  
 With fondness cherished, loved, and prized.

See where with faith and trust combined  
 She rears memorials of her dead :  
 Earth holds their dust with love enshrined,  
 But *they* are gone, — ah, whither fled ?  
 Can those *we* knew all, all unwept,  
 Unhonored or forgotten lie ?  
 O loved ones ! peacefully ye've slept  
 Since we, who saw you droop and die,  
 In our true hearts embalmed you, gave,  
 With pain and sorrow all unspoken,  
 Your flower-strown bodies to the grave,  
 And mourned the ties so rudely broken.

With filial love we turn again  
 To Nature's shrine and question her :  
 What treasures in your fair domain ?  
 What gift for lowly worshiper ?  
 Within your broad and teeming breast,  
 Hidden for ages all unknown,  
 What gems unquarried darkly rest ?  
 What diamond or what precious stone ?  
 What rare and luscious fruits are found ?  
 What trees in strange luxuriance grow ?  
 Do myrrh and frankincense abound ?  
 Or milk and liquid honey flow ?

And this the answer she returns :  
 Not here doth endless summer reign ;  
 Nor here the orient splendor burns,  
 Nor heaven rains manna on the plain ;  
 Here are no mines of native gold,  
 No tropic fruits, no incense sweet ;  
 But meekly here the *flowers* unfold,  
 And spread their petals at your feet.

And hast thou *these*, O sylvan maid?  
*What* flowers here scent the morning hours,  
 And blush along the opening glade?  
 Conduct us to your floral bowers,  
 And to our gladdened eyes disclose  
 These nurslings of the dew and sky.

Then she aside her mantle throws,  
 And in sweet words she makes reply :

Blushing mid the withered leaves,  
 Modest, peerless, little thing,  
 Lo! the fragrant *May-flower* weaves  
 Chaplets for the brow of Spring.

Blooming in the sunny days,  
 Humbly trailing on the ground,  
 Coyly shrinking from our gaze,  
 Waiting to be *sought*, if found.

Next of all the floral train,  
 Comes the wind-flower's fragile form,  
 Gently nursed by sun and rain,  
 Growing in the covert warm.

In the valleys, on the knolls,  
 Smiling with a look serene,  
 The welcome *violet* unfolds,  
 Beauteous in its shape and mien :

Springing from the humid sod,  
 Silent as the dewy even,  
 Raising its meek eye to God,  
 Tinted with the hues of heaven.

Sparkling on the water's breast,  
 Like a jewel bright and rare,  
 See the *lily's* form at rest,  
 Purely white and strangely fair.

Nestling in the pine-tree's shade,  
 Catching summer's latest sighs,  
 In its bridal state arrayed,  
 The sweet *Linnaea* blooms and dies.

Fringing all the silvery streams, .  
 First of all in splendor classed,  
 Here the princely *Laurel* gleams  
 With a beauty unsurpassed.

Thus my fingers deftly trace  
 Lessons with true wisdom fraught;  
 Types I give of mental grace,  
 Grace of feeling, wealth of thought.

Pictures of the life refined,  
 Far above the reach of art;  
 Symbols of the love enshrined  
 In a sweet and holy heart.

Come with me now to Barrett's Hill :  
 The ancient landmarks yet remain ;  
 River and brook are murmuring still ;  
 The wide horizon bounds the plain ;  
 The distant mountains, nude and dim,  
 In homage seem to bend, while earth  
 Chants forth her grateful morning hymn,  
 Each day repeated since her birth.  
 The dark and pathless woods are gone ;  
 The hills and vales with verdure teem ;  
 Smooth, shady roads sweep past the lawn ;  
 The vexed Souhegan's hurrying stream,  
 Caught and imprisoned, deigns to spin  
 Fabrics for human need ; and, look !  
 With breath of fire and clanging din,  
 The iron steed through *Rocky Brook*  
 Rushes like demon mad with pain !  
 In pastures free the cattle roam,  
 The green, glad fields stand thick with grain,  
 For man finds here a quiet home.  
 And hark ! within this hallowed grove  
 I hear a voice, loud, sweet, and strong,  
 Rehearse the story that we love,  
 And this the burden of the song :

God bless New England ! brave and free  
 Are they who till her rugged soil,

Labor for them has dignity,  
 And Heaven repays their hardy toil.  
 I love the grave simplicity,  
 And staid demeanor of her sires;  
 New England is the home for me,—  
 Whose name to generous deeds inspires.

God bless New England! ever famed  
 For just regard to public good,  
 For equal laws to *virtue* framed,  
 For enterprise and hardihood;  
 For *science, piety, and zeal*  
*In Freedom's holy cause, and love*  
*Of home, none but the free can feel,—*  
 New England homes all homes above!

God bless New England! every hill  
 And dale are sacred unto me;  
 I love her snow-clad forests still,  
 And her loud ocean minstrelsy.  
 God bless New England! 'tis my prayer  
 Breathed from my inmost soul on high;  
 With love unchanged her fate I'll share,—  
*Here would I live and here I'd die.*

# CHRONICLES.

BY CHARLES E. HILL.

THE WORDS OF THE PROPHET HILL-KIAH, AS THEY ARE WRITTEN  
IN THE BOOK OF SHAPHAN, THE SCRIBE.

## CHAPTER I.

*Early settlement of America. Oppression of the King of the East. Non-importation Act.*

AND certain men came from a far-off country in the East, and pitched their tents in the wilderness of Barjathaaron, which is, by interpretation, America, and made their abode there with the owl of the desert and the bears of the wilderness.

2 And they became exceeding fruitful, and increased, and multiplied, and drove out the ancient inhabitants of the land.

3 Their sons were men of great stature, skilful in all manner of cunning work, and their daughters were comely and fair to look upon, sweeter than honey in the honey-comb, and more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold. And they were prospered, and became a mighty people.

4 And the King of the East sent among them merchants, traders, and tax-gatherers, who greatly troubled the people, taking away from him that hath, and not sparing him that hath not.

5 Then the chief men and elders took counsel together, and said among themselves: Shall a man reap where he hath not sowed, or exact a grievous tax of him who hath no vote? As for us, we will not have a king to rule over us, neither will we pay tribute to him who is not Caesar, nor buy merchandise of the men of the East at a great price.

6 And the inhabitants of Barjathaaron bought no more of the spices of the East, nor silver, nor gold, nor of precious stones, neither of green tea, nor black tea, but it is written, They tasted of adversity.

7 For an alarm of war was heard throughout the land. And it came to pass in Gibeah, which, by interpretation, is called Mason, that a certain man, named Benjamin Mann, called together the inhabitants of the land and spake unto them.

8 Now Benjamin was a scribe, and wise after his generation, and he rose up before the people, and said, Ye men of Gibeah! Do ye not dwell on high places, and eat of the increase of the fields? For you the hills are covered over with flocks, and the valleys bring forth goodly grass, even "blue jint and foul medder."

9 Ye can suck honey from the rock-mapple and oil from the fat of oxen. Have ye not butter of kine and milk of sheep, with the fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, and potatoes, and oats?

10 Do ye not drink of the juice of apples, when ye rise up, and of the pure blood of rye, when, truly, ye fall down?

11 Lo! are not your daughters skilful to weave fine linen, and all manner of woollen stuffs? Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and buy spices and soft raiment of the stranger, and tea, which maketh the tongue of woman sharper than a two-edged sword, and causeth the hand of the strong man to tremble?

12 Come, now, let us make a covenant together, that we will no more have traffic with the King of the East, neither partake of the merchandise of those that go down to the sea in ships. And this saying pleased the people, and they made a covenant as he had said.

13 Now this was called the Non-Importation Act and Agreement.\*

## CHAPTER II.

*The strong men of Gibeah go down to fight against the hosts of the East. The people fear lest their supply of salt fail them. They send down to Salem to buy therefrom.*

AND war raged throughout the land. For the King of the East had sent his

\* See History of Mason, p. 76.



hosts, chosen men, apt for war, that they might spoil the land in the length and breadth thereof.

2 Then the children of the wilderness rose up, and girded themselves for battle, and among them were many from the land of Gibeah, men of might, and men of war, that could handle the shield and buckler, whose faces were as the faces of lions, and they were swift as roes upon the mountains.

3 And they went down and fell upon their enemies at Beal-sephor, which is, by interpretation, Bunker Hill, and prevailed against them, so that a great pile of stones was set up, which stands in remembrance of their victory even unto this day.

4 And it came to pass that the inhabitants of Gibeah were in great tribulation, and sighed for their flesh-pots and pork-barrels.

5 For, said they, if our meat do lose its savor, wherewith shall it be salted, for we have no salt?

6 Then lifted they up their voices and wept; yea, they wept when they remembered their brine-barrels.

7 Now there stood a sanctuary over upon the hill near the valley of dry-bones, and the chief men and elders went up thither and took counsel how they might buy salt for the people. And in those days men spake as though they were moved by spirit.

8 Then the man Dakin, a deacon in the land, whose surname was Amos, a ruler in the synagogue, and a man whom the people delighted to honor, lifted up his voice and cried out: Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass, or loweth the ox over his fodder?

9 Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt, or is there any taste in the white of an egg? Verily, the things that my soul refuseth to touch are my sorrowful meat. My strength is departed from me.

10 The flesh of swine I abominate, and even baked beans cease to move me.

11 Lo! in Salem's towers there is salt enough and to spare. Let us send thither and buy for a fair price, lest, peradventure, our young men eating of the unsavory flesh of rams and conies of the rocks, or oons of the hollow, shall see evil visions, and our old men dream bad dreams.

12 Then the elders answered Amos, and said: How now can we go down and buy salt, for silver and gold have we none, and our rag-money vanisheth like dew on the

morning grass? Shall we go down like a thief in the night, and bind the strong men of Salem that we may take their salt?

13 And Amos answering, said, Go down; for it is written: Provide neither silver, nor gold, nor brass for your purses, nor scrip for your journey.

14 Go down, then, and when ye draw nigh unto the men of Salem, say unto them: Lo! we are of thy brethren from the land of Gibeah, which is upon the hill-tops over beyond Raby.

15 And the marrow drieth up in our bones, and our flesh wasteth away, because we have no salt. Then shall they give us of their salt, that we may live and not die.

16 Then the people gave a shout, and cried out, It is the voice of a deacon. So let us do.

17 And they chose Samuel, James, and Silas, and Obadiah, captains of the host, and Enosh, and Aaron, and Stephen, surnamed Lawrence.\* And these yoked un-milked kine to old carts, and went down through the wilderness to Salem, and the sound of their going was as the rushing of many waters.

18 For, in those days, the crooked ways were not made straight, nor the rough places smooth; and the riders in chariots were constrained to cry out in the words of the prophet Jeremiah, O my bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart; my heart maketh a noise within me.

19 And it came to pass, when the men of Salem heard the sound of their coming afar off, they went forth to meet them. And as they drew nigh, they said unto those who drove the carts, Is it well with thee?

20 And they that drove the carts answered, Nay, it is not well; for they were exceedingly pained.

21 Then told they the men of Salem all the things which were in their hearts, even as Amos had commanded. And the Salemites answered them, and said, Can ye not earn your salt? Verily, we will not give unto thee, for we give nought, save for a price.

22 Ye shall take of us enough and sufficient, but in due time ye shall repay again, even unto the uttermost farthing.

23 Then they took and put upon the carts twoscore and ten ephabs of salt, scant measure, scraped off and scooped out, as the manner of men now is.

24 Then the men of Gibeah turned back, homeward, going through the wilderness by the same way in which they had come, seven days' journey.

\* History of Mason, pp. 78, 79, 80, 84, 85, 86, 88.

25 Now, when the time drew nigh in which they should pay for the salt, the people were greatly perplexed.

26 For certain men, sons of Bellial, who dwelt in the country round about, but had possessions in Gibeah, cried out to the elders on the day of Pentecost, which is, by interpretation, the town-meeting, saying, What have we to do with you, O ye salt-buyers?

27 Verily we have raised our own meat and made our own brine; and as for us we will not pay for that which we have not had and which we want not, neither want we that which ye have.

28 Then were the elders exceeding angry; and they seized upon the portion of those who would not pay the debt, and sold it unto strangers; and the names of those evil-doers were blotted from the book of remembrance forever.

29 Then had the people rest from their salt troubles.

### CHAPTER III.

*Great prosperity in the land of Gibeah.  
Building of the temple in Peterboro'.  
Strength and valor of Thomas and his sons.*

AND it came to pass, when the sons of men saw that the daughters of Gibeah were exceeding fair and beautiful, they took them wives of all which they chose.

2 And they were fruitful as kittens, and brought forth sons and daughters of great stature, even seven cubits and less.

3 And so it happened that the dwellers in the land of Jabesh, which is, by interpretation, Peterboro', builded a temple; and they sent through all the region round about for the mighty men of great strength and skilful in timber-work, to set up the pillars and raise the beams thereof.

4 Then went there up from the land of Gibeah, Thomas and his seven sons, valiant men, each strong as a *beau*, and swift to follow after the young *heart* in shady places.

5 And the giants of the land assembled in Jabesh; and they raised the temple with great labor, beam upon beam, and rafter after rafter; and they placed a watch-tower thereon.

6 And it came to pass, when they had made an end of the work, that the spirit of old Jamaica fell upon the strong men, and they made merry with unleavened bread and dry codfish.

7 And becoming exceeding joyful, they rose up from the ground and wrestled together, and lo, the sons of Thomas overthrew all which went up to meet them, and none could stand, for they smote them hip

and thigh, so that they fell heavily to the ground.

8 But there were certain men, sons of Bellial, Red-headites, and descendants from the isles of the sea, which, when they were cast down, became possessed of devils, and took counsel how they might slay the sons of Thomas.

9 Now there dwelt in the land of Jabesh a certain publican and wine-bibber, who dealt with familiar spirits;

10 A man wonderful to behold, for his nose was like a carbuncle, and his eyes like rubies, exceeding red. His cheeks blossomed as the rose, with toddy-blossoms, and his mouth was like a toper's. His belly was like a barrel, and his legs as half-barrels.

11 And the Red-headites went in unto him and said, Can the stone be swiftly hurled where there is no *slings*, or is the head broken without a *punch*?

12 Give us, therefore, *punch* and *slings*, hot and strong, that we may go up to meet the strong men and overthrow them, even as Goliath overthrew David.

13 Now these were vain babblers, and understood not the Scripture.

14 Then the publican was sore amazed, and hasted and made ready, and gave unto them. Then girded they up their loins, and went forth to lay violent hands upon the sons of Thomas.

15 And it came to pass that the old man, even Thomas himself, rose and stood before the people, and cried out with a terrible loud voice, If any man wants to fight, let him take me, and let my boys alone.

16 Then confusion fell upon the Red-headites, and they vanished like grease before the fire.

17 And all those beholding were filled with amazement, and cried out, Behold the strength of Gibeah and the glory thereof. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and is more terrible than an army without banners.

18 And the Red-headites called Thomas and his sons, in their own tongue, Terribles, because they caused great terror to all beholding, and so it is their descendants among us are called Tarbells even unto this day.

19 Now all the rest of the acts of the people of Gibeah, and all that they did; how their sons and daughters went forth to the North and South, and the East and West, through all the land, even unto Gotham;

20 And how they were greatly prospered, and sent of the fruit of their substance to bless the home of their fathers; are they not written in the book of John, the counselor, even in the "History of Mason"?

21 But the eyes of the prophet Hill-Kiah wax dim, and his stomach groweth faint by reason of long fasting; and, lo! as in a vision, he heareth the sound of a going among the pine-trees, and the people bestir themselves.

22 There is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Lo! the meat offerings and drink offerings are ready, and the royal

Chamberlain waits to hasten you to the banquet.

23 This day is Scripture revealed unto you, and now he that hath a purse let him take it, and likewise his scrip, for the money-changers await your coming.

24 Stay yourselves with flagons and be comforted with apples.

25 To your tents, O Israel!

## SENTIMENTS AND RESPONSES.

---

No. 1. — We welcome those who have gone out from us to plant the institutions of religion and social order in the Far West.

RESPONSE BY REV. T. HILL, OF KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

*Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen:* It is a great gratification to me to be present with you on this centennial day of our beloved ancestral home. It is a joy to gaze on these familiar hills, graced as they are with never-failing beauty; the old rocks and trees, so familiar in all their outlines; and yon burying-ground, where sleep the honored and best-loved ones, gathered to their silent homes, — all intimately blended with every association of childhood and youth. It is a joy to me to see once more so many familiar faces of friends from whom I have been so long separated. I see you, the associates of my youth, the companions of school-days, and the friends who were gathered in the old familiar church. We are changed much now, but the memory of those days lives with unchanged freshness still.

To participate in these scenes, I have come a long journey of near seventeen hundred miles, from my home on the banks of the rapid and ever muddy Missouri, upon whose troubled face I look almost every hour. This place will seem to many of you as the real Far West, to which so many have been migrating these many years; but to me it is hardly the West at all, for there is a West, full of activity and busy life, so much beyond where I live, that I seem to myself to be in the centre, and not in the West. I have often gazed on the long trains of wagons starting on their weary journey of eight hundred miles to Santa Fe, and I daily see the cars, as they disappear in the west, starting on their journey to cross the great plains where the buffalo may still be found in countless numbers.

The children of New England have always been a wandering race; go where you will you meet them, oftentimes where you might least expect them; yet, wherever they may be, they look with fond recollections to the hills and rocks of their ancestral home. Other fields may be larger, other streams may be longer; but none are more beautiful than the green hills and the brooks of the home where childhood and youth were spent. But what occu-

pies the sons of New England in their wanderings? What detains them away from this land so filled with pleasant memories? They are found engaged in everything, good and bad. They are found in the pulpit, pointing dying men to the realities that outlive the tomb; they are in the school-room, directing the minds of those who will soon control the destinies of the nation; they are in political office, from governors and congressmen down to the lowest stations of influence and power; and in whatever they engage, for good or ill, they usually leave their impress strongly marked. In the pulpit, they are often the pioneers on the frontiers of civilization, planting the banner of the cross in advance of all others. The first man who preached the Presbyterian faith beyond the Mississippi was from Connecticut. Many of his early associates were from New England, and from that day till this a goodly number of the preachers west of the great river have been from New England.

In legal and political life, one can point to the Chief Justice of the nation from our own New Hampshire, or can point to one who swayed the populace as few men ever have done, who knew the secret sources of influence far better than most men, — the great Illinois Senator, who was from Vermont. The halls of Congress and the chairs of governors often show men who came from a home far distant from the one they represent or now occupy.

Most of these are honorable and honored men; but some of them, undoubtedly, are often the pattern of one whose repeated failure for office at home was consoled by his son, who preceded him to the West, and wrote back to his disappointed father, saying, "Father, come out here and run for Congress, for mighty mean men get office out here."

But among the best things New England has done for the West has been her influence over education, in the way of schools. Many of the colleges in the West have had their roots in the New England home; thence came the men who founded them, the money that endowed them, and the instructors who toiled for them. In all the ways in which schools have been benefited, New England has had her share. He who drew the present excellent public-school law of Illinois was from New Hampshire; and in many an humble school-house on the edge of the prairie, or in the rising cities of the West, may be found one who learned how to teach in the New England school.

But however far the son of New England may have wandered, however well he may love his new home, he will look back to the hills whence he came with pleasant memories.

I once spent a Sabbath in a village in Illinois. On inquiring of the man, at whose house I was entertained, whence he came, I found he was from Townsend. He had been there thirteen years without having returned, and when he found who I was, and whence I came, he plied me with many questions in regard to the old home, — who was dead, who were married, who preached, and who traded, and

all the many queries of the familiar home life. After this he said, "You have some townsmen here;" and I found and had a pleasant interview with some who had known me in childhood.

A few weeks after this there came an invitation for me to take the care of the church of which mine host was an honored elder; but I have never been there since.

Once, as a pastor, I sat by the bedside of one who had come from the far East to visit her son in the West. Her stay was but few days, when the cholera laid its hand upon her, and she soon passed away, faintly whispering, "Bury me by the side of my mother." I have heard of a very different scene, no less illustrative of the New England character, of two gamblers meeting at Santa Fe, and, after discovering their common origin, they spent a long time discussing the familiar scenes of the old home, and as they separated the one says to the other, "You are a Yankee, and so am I, and now let us sing Old Hundred in memory of the past."

But why should we go from the land we remember so pleasantly? Undoubtedly it may be said of most of us, in the words of Holy Writ, "If they had been mindful of the country whence they came, they might have had opportunity to return." So most of New England's sons prefer their western home. No; however fair New England may be, the great West presents attractions stronger still; her prairies, filled with flowers in their wild condition, filled with teeming harvests in their cultivated form, call for men, and bind them with links that cannot be broken.

Our country is one. Her New England homes, her broad western lands, her golden mountains, richer far than the Ophir of Solomon, and her sunsets on the Pacific, — all, all make but one land, and the New Englander is still at home into whatever part he wanders.

We go there that we may make a broader New England; that we may transplant her energy and skill, her schools, and her firmest religious faith on a broader field; that we may retain what is most excellent of our own, and mingle it with what is most desirable in the other portions of our land. We would do what we can to make our country the most glorious land of earth. From the Atlantic to the Pacific we would have the land of the Puritan and the Cavalier, the land of the Dutchman and the Huguenot, the land of Franklin and of Washington, one land, free, intelligent, and holy; one land, the richest, the fairest, and the best of earth.

No. 2. — We welcome those who, having gone from us, have aided in sustaining, in the commercial metropolis of our country, the character of the sons of New Hampshire for integrity, enterprise, and success in business in every portion of our land.

RESPONSE BY B. W. MERRIAM, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

Encouraged by the above sentiment, commencing by welcoming us to this banquet who commenced life here, I take pleasure in

saying a word in response. I rejoice, Mr. President, to be here to-day, — this day so full of interest to us who are permitted to look upon those who began life together; and while I see but few, comparatively, of this class, their descendants are numerous and happy. How improved is your condition, my youthful friends, from that of your predecessors!

I well remember the day when those not compelled to go on foot rode only on horseback; the father in the saddle, the mother upon the pillion; the brother in the saddle, the sister upon the pillion.

Well I remember, Mr. President, when the first pleasure-wagon, so called, was owned in this town, and also remember the name of the owner, and his industry and toil to procure the amount of money necessary to obtain it. At the early period alluded to, a boy to see a city must walk a portion or all of the distance to it. I have not forgotten, when a youth, leaving this, my home, in an afternoon, and, after walking most of the journey during the night, as the sun arose the next morning, was permitted to look upon the *great* city of Boston, then containing thirty or forty thousand inhabitants.

Had one predicted then that a railroad would now have been in this town, we should have thought such a prophet a false one. At the present day, instead of being twenty-four hours on foot, you enter the car, and in two hours reach Boston and find there four, five, and six hundred thousand inhabitants; in a few hours more you reach New York, and behold its teeming millions.

Those of us who left this New Hampshire town, and whose lives have been spent in commercial cities of our country, are indebted to the early mental and physical training we were subjected to here, for the strength which has enabled us to battle with the cares and temptations of a commercial life. Here in New-Hampshire we learned early to assume responsibilities; the healthful mountain breezes helped us to obtain almost iron constitutions; Christian admonitions, together with a little of Solomon's "birch," taught us obedience and truthfulness; and if we have been successful merchants, we remember that in New Hampshire we were told that "honesty is the best policy." In New Hampshire we learned also that integrity and enterprise are twin sisters, and lead not only to success in business, but to the confidence and esteem of those with whom we are associated in life.

No. 3. — We revere and cherish the memory of our townsmen who, under the command of Captain Benjamin Mann, marched to Cambridge, joined the patriot army, and took part in the battle of Bunker Hill; and of all our patriot citizens who, on the many battle-fields from Quebec to Yorktown, endured the hardships of war, and perilled their lives in the cause of their country.

Responded to by Hon. John B. Hill. The gentleman to whom this sentiment was assigned not answering when called upon, at

the request of the President, Mr. Hill made a brief response, of which no report has been preserved.

No. 4. — The day we celebrate.

RESPONSE BY REV. SAMUEL LEE, OF NEW IPSWICH.

*Mr. President:* In the absence of the speaker expected to answer to this toast, I address you. It may seem like arrogance or presumption in me, on the mere spur of the moment, to attempt a response to this, which is really the great sentiment of the occasion. But it will be remembered that a very unpretending article is sometimes used to fill the place of a missing pane in the window.

A centennial is sacred. It rises as an eminence between the years of the century past and the indefinite future. We stand upon that eminence and survey the past, then turn and gaze upon the future that fades away in the distance. And we know that solemn future is in no small degree to receive its character from the century past and the view we take of it to-day.

As in the individual so in a community, the inceptive period is specially important. Here we find the springs whence issue the streams that pass into the future for good or evil, — the origin of the trains of antecedent and consequent passing out and increasing as they go, expanding in ramifications which mingle each with those of others and make up the web and quality of society. The good people of Mason to-day are what the energy and courage and perseverance and toils and self-denial and prayers and holy living of the first settlers have made them. Hence that sentiment, indigenous to the human mind, of reverence for ancestors. We revere the memory of the men who have sent down to us those influences that have been so potent in forming at once our character and condition. And then there is a sort of enchantment which distance lends to the view. We see them only in the hazy indistinctness of the past. Their faults, if they had them, we perceive not, and think only of the good in their lives, the influence of which has come down in blessed sequences to administer to our well-being. Their memory is blessed and salutary. We go to the localities where they lived and toiled, and to the graves where their remains are sacredly preserved, with the feeling that we are on holy ground. And we feel, too, that God is in their history and in all that connects it with us and ours. And in the influences that they bring to us we hear the voice of God.

A centennial serves as an occasion for collecting the facts of the early history of the town, but for which they would soon be lost forever. To preserve these we owe to posterity, who as truly as ourselves have an interest in them. For the influences that have come down to us from them have accomplished only a part, and a small part, of their wondrous mission. They pause not here, save for the brief hours of "the day we celebrate," that we may notice them and estimate their importance, then renew their march adown



the solemn, awful future. To that future, then, we are debtors. And in the person of our competent and faithful historian of the day, we have met our obligations.

I hope this centennial will be regarded as an authoritative precedent, and be imitated by those of each of the coming centuries. But who shall celebrate the next? Not one of us. It is indeed *possible*, though not probable, that some one of the little ones that are here to-day may tell with faltering utterance the story of the hundred years. Perhaps these sparkling eyes, then dimmed with age, may witness the scenes of the next centennial.\*

No; while the consequences of what we shall have been and done shall be met in this life by our successors, we shall be meeting such consequences in another mode of being.

But I trust that the next centennial shall be held in the midst of a condition of privilege and glory to which we are strangers. The pen of inspiration hath told us of a blessed future, — a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. That day hastens on. Everything in the present indicates that this world is on the eve of a great moral transformation. The facts betoken rapid development. God is even now getting ready that New Jerusalem which shall come down from his abode and find its place upon earth. The Tabernacle of God shall soon be with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people; and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

“Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.”

No. 5. — Mason: Her past is history; her future is in her own hands.

RESPONSE BY JOSEPH C. MASON, ESQ., OF BOONEVILLE, MISSOURI.

*Friends and Fellow-Citizens:* Though I have not the honor to claim in this town a nativity, yet by adoption she is mine. Her intelligent inhabitants, her educational institutions, her religious temples, her rocky elevations that bask in the early beams of morning, are dear to *you*, and so they are to *me*. The present and future of Mason: — What are the duties of the present? What are its promises? The past lies behind us; and we may well turn from its annals and look down the ages. When the clock of time shall have recorded another centennial revolution, our descendants will stand here to speak of us. What, oh, what shall be their language? What the burden of their discourse?

The character of this ancient town is now strong, its reputation untarnished. Because we have inherited a legacy so rich, the future will have upon us large demands. If the facilities for progress are greater than ever before, a corresponding increase of results will be expected at our hands.

\* Just here a little boy, son of Lucius A. Elliott, Esq., passed across the stage, and the speaker laid his hand upon his head as he uttered the last sentence.

This one thought should engage our attention here and now: *Our responsibility to those on whom no ray of light has yet shone.* Men and communities must labor for the unborn. He who plants a tree plants for others. It is a law of our being that one shall sow and another reap. Let this occasion, so fruitful in memories of the past, awaken in the bosoms of all (especially the young) noble resolves and lofty aspirations.

Are we as a people keeping our estate? Could the hardy sons who turned into smiling fields these once unfrequented wilds stand here to-day and proudly claim us by an alliance of blood and character? Can the aged sire, whose wisdom is commensurate with his years, let his mantle fall upon the son with a confidence that he will wear it worthily?

I sometimes cast about me for the coming men and women, — for those to whom this fair heritage must soon be committed. How many young men of Mason are preparing for the great future? How many are adding, day by day, to their stores of useful knowledge, or are, by slow but sure degrees, forming characters against which the waves of passion and prejudice may not prevail? characters in keeping with the high exigencies that so frequently summon the citizens of a free country to do and to dare? I shall not be misunderstood here. The nineteenth century is full of demands upon the philanthropist and the patriot.

The present happy auspices, under which we are assembled, fully attest how well those demands have been met by our retiring ancestors. History will do justice to their deeds and to them. But some one must write our history. "The stream cannot rise above its fountain." *Glorious deeds* cannot be born of ignorance, of indifference, of immorality. They spring from noble impulses, supported by heroic endeavor; from knowledge, and virtue, and courage.

My voice is to the young. With them I plead. They hold in their hands, to a great extent, the destiny of this town. They are stamping indelibly upon it features by which it shall be recognized at a time when our voices shall be hushed in a dreamless sleep. Let the example of our fathers, living and dead, of former residents who have come to us to-day from homes afar, of all the noble spirits who, in the long line of years departed, have stood upon this sacred soil, inspire in our hearts higher and holier purposes in the present, and the future shall come to us freighted with the rich rewards of an Almighty hand.

No. 6. — Mason, her hills and valleys, her fruits and wild flowers.

RESPONSE BY LUCIUS A. ELLIOTT, OF BOSTON.

*Mr. President:* I thank you for appointing to me a response to this rather than to any other sentiment.

You, sir, know the fond and sacred esteem in which I hold the rugged hills and the sweet valleys of my native town; how dear to

me are her name and all things pertaining to her. She is rough, indeed, and her thin soil does not so generously yield a return to labor as do the wonderful alluvial expanses of the West, from which some of her prospering sons, perchance, sometimes turn a thought of pity toward her well-remembered fields, of rocks and roots and scanty herbage, or as does the great field of commerce in cities East and West. We would fain believe, however, that from their distant homes beyond the Father of Waters, or nearer the great lakes, or where they swell the channels of trade in our commercial centres, or where they are tarrying in foreign lands, they are tenderly thinking of their native hills to-day, and that indeed there are no hills or valleys so fondly cherished as those which fill the landscape of their childhood.

Mr. President, I should reverence and love old Mason if I had not been cradled in her lap. Do the prairies, the mysterious mounds, the vast coal-beds of the West, the submerged forests of the Mississippi, and the monarchs of the Yo Semite, bid our admiration for their great antiquity and mysterious origin? Who shall stand indifferent before our hills, with their granite boulders, which had existence ages before the creation of man, — before the mighty waters had detached from its parent granite the first particle of dust of which the prairies were made? They speak to us of that remote period when there was no verdure upon the earth, — ere God had cleft a way for the rivers, or made a bed for the ocean, — ere His handiwork had made the ever-changing curtain above the earth, when in the silence of the ages they were alone with God, and when the Great Architect was in them preparing a foundation for all he has since made of beauty and majesty to live upon the earth.

Our hills and granite pebbles deserve our love. They give to us the music of the brooks, and send the little fructifiers down to the meadows. Ah, how many sons of the hills are there in city counting-rooms, who, perhaps, go at night to luxurious homes, where in music they hear the best imitations of nature which art can give, who yearn to sit on their native hill-sides and hear again — what piano or flute or human voice could never produce — the song of the brook! How many have homes on the vast plains, on which no hill rises with its gurgling brook, who would be glad to part with many of their fertile acres could they thus bring such a sight and sound by their doors!

And the cool, bracing air of our hills! It is not a matter for wonder that so many rush from the cities, when the sun burns the streets, to refresh themselves in such a bath, or that sometimes languishing ones — distant from their native hills — are heard to long for the air that moved their infant life, strengthened them in childhood's days, and never had aught but blessing in it.

And, oh, the prospects which these hills afford! That Masonian has but little poetry in his soul, who, in a pleasant summer twilight, can ride over the "Merriam" or "Sanders Hill," without

tarrying from other thoughts to enjoy for a few moments the picture before him. How delightful in the morning, when the mists lie along the "Merriam," and all beyond is half covered, half revealed, through the veil, while hitherwards the chimneys of a hundred homes are sending up their signals of awakening life, and the landscape is opening its bosom to the coming king of day! How beautiful at noon, when the moisture of the morning has freshened the colors of woodland, tillage, and pasture; when the distant hills put on their heavenly blue, and are flanked by a curtain of mysterious haze which speaks of fairy-land beyond! How charming at sunset, when the blue of the hills has changed to mellow purple, and the long shadows of the woods and hills are adding variety to the forms and hues of the familiar fields! I well remember the pleasure expressed by a lady from a western city when she stood on Barrett Hill. Her journeyings had never before extended beyond the prairies, and she had never seen a hill until the visit in question. It was easy to perceive that, as she approached the summit, she was both surprised and delighted, but when her eye had taken in the Temple Mountains, Joe English, the Ammonoosucs, and the blue film of the White Mountains beyond,—had turned to the picturesque landscape of village, farm, and woodland, with its distant bound of blue in the south-east and south,—had swept around to Ashby, and to New Ipswich, with her white hamlets nestling under the hills, with dark Wachuset and hoary Monadnock behind all,—she exclaimed, with every appearance of rapture, "*This is Paradise!*"

My friends, we emigrants rejoice in the hills and valleys of Mason. They furnish pictures for the halls of our memories, such as no artist can provide; for not only are they redolent with moving, living varieties, such as no pencil can animate, but the associations of youth, in the midst of which we transferred these scenes to our mental canvas, can never accompany the work of a human artist. He cannot restore to us the happy circle at the foot of the hill,—the dear friends who gazed with us on these scenes, but who have ceased from the earth. There are two other hills where many of them sleep,—hills which shall yet be most glorious of all, when they become the scenes of the mightiest miracles of human history, as in the Master's good time they will. Fondly do our hearts turn to them and their sacred mounds to-day, and some of us are saying, Oh that my father, my mother, my child, my sister, or my brother were here! Thanks to our gracious Father, we are not forbidden the hope that in holy sympathy they do mingle with us on this occasion, and that they rejoice in every worthy exercise that gives us joy.

And now, Mr. President, what shall I say for the wild flowers of Mason? Her sons and daughters know them so well that no poet botanist is needed to speak their praise to *them*. How can I, neither a poet nor a botanist, speak of them to strangers? Let me

seek to make them tell their own praises. Bring vases, and let us see if we can set for our guests a bouquet for each month.

What shall cold January, the midnight of the year, provide? A background of spruce, with spreading arms decked with brown cones and delicate vermillion cups of moss; a foreground of oak, brown and purple, gathered from the old Bullard woods last fall.

February, not as cold as usual, shall let us find mosses and the beautiful miniature of the ivy vine on which the fox-plum grows. We will build a mound of moss, twine the vine about it, drop here and there a red and yellow thornberry, twist a spray of crooked laurel into a chair, and, placing it in the midst, will make a throne fit for Titania.

March will send us to the woods again, where, lifting the snow, we shall find the dwarf evergreen, which we can train about the vase in festoons and bunches of green, so that we shall forget that

"The stormy March has come at last;"

a few toes from the "pussy-willow," found by any brook, and sprigs of brown-alder tassels will mingle beautifully with the green.

Waiting till late April, we may be compensated by a cluster of violets, which, with swelling buds of birch, and perchance a touch of crimson from the rock-maple blossom, a back of hemlock, and a few early grasses, will well furnish April.

And now comes the month in which spring seems fully born, and we shall have no lack of delicate flowers just opening their eyes upon the earth. Once we could have filled dozens of vases in the Adams woods, near Chamberlin's mill, with the carefully pencilled Benjamin, and we doubt not the boys and girls know where they may now be found so soon as May has fairly driven the snow from the ground. But here is the trailing arbutus, the pure, simple, sweet May-flower, in pink and white, and here the modest and graceful anemone. May shall have two vases. The ferns and larger flowers shall show their glory alone, and, since we shall have nothing so lovely again, we will let the May-flower, the anemone, and the meek-eyed strawberry blossom rest in each other's bosom.

June will quite satisfy us with her wonderful laurel, — its delicate flower of pink flecked with deep brown, and its rich leaf of green. See, the pastures near Pratt Pond are all aflame with them. In our June vase we will drop a few blossoms of the wild grape near Luther Nutting's, to get the most delicate of perfumes.

July shall give us wild roses, blueberry balls, blackberry blossoms, the beautiful pink hardhack, white elder blossoms, daisies, chestnut pendules, and the meadow pink from the little marsh near the top of Barrett Hill, with rich ferns for a setting.

August will furnish a plenty of broad leaves for a background, with the Canada thistle and the great thistle, on which the yellow finch so loves to swing, the wild primrose, the white hardhack,

the golden rod, and the cardinal flower, from Felton Brook, for relief.

Upon September we will call for a spray of chestnut-bearing clusters of filling burrs, and before it we will place some berries of ripened sumach, and intertwine the clematis with its hazy blossom. In the woods on Dunster Hill we will find plenty of fungi of all tints needful for any effect of colors, and Mr. Whittaker will add a few vines of cranberry.

And what shall we do with the wealth that October brings?—her sprays of sumach, green and red, her trembling birches of all tints of yellow, and her mosses, with bird's wheat and delicate cups of many forms and hues, soon to sleep under the snow?

We must have a late Indian summer, that November may have for us some of the maples, the woodbine, the ivy, and the sarsaparilla. I know a pasture maple in this town that, with its wondrous variety of autumn tints, would be an object of greater interest in Hyde Park than is any one of its famous trees.

For the December setting we will have a twig of brown oak with its acorns. If the winter is not too early, and the winds have not been too rough, we will find some sprays of silver leaves from the beech, a few spines from the pine, and brown flag blossoms, yet waiting in the Rocky Brook marsh, near Uncle Charles Scripture's.

Now, stranger friends, do not think we have gathered for you half the varieties of wild flowers with which, in their season, our fields and roadsides abound. An expert botanist only could recall them. If, however, those we have named have been well set, we have a display of which any Masonian may be proud, and we ask you if our delicate and gorgeous array of summer flowers, in their rich brown frame, are not at least worthy of "honorable mention" on this festal day?

I give you, sir, again, The fruits and flowers of Mason: the fairest are the characters and the benefactions of some of her sons and daughters. The hills of Mason: the best are the *little Hills*, whose Ebenezer was established here about eighty years ago.

No. 7. — Glimpses of our fathers one hundred years ago.

RESPONSE BY SAMUEL DUNSTER, ESQ., OF ATTLEBORO', MASS.

I am glad to return to this good old *habitat*, to participate in the pleasures and enjoyments of the first centennial celebration of Mason, and to mingle again with the friends and companions of my early days, although I find many of them, like myself, to have passed the limits of easy recognition. It is my privilege at this time to be the representative by lineal descent, as well as name; which no longer exists in this community, of the head of a family; and the ladies and gentlemen will please pardon me, if, in the few words I may venture to say, I may seem to be egotistic in referring to an ancestor, who was a resident, and freeholder of fair estate,

of this town at the time of its incorporation, and who took an active part in bringing it into municipal existence.

Although our knowledge of the personal efforts of each individual in organizing the town must of necessity be mere glimpses, yet we have the highest assurance that he, from his well-known religious character, used his best endeavors for that purpose, that as a corporation they could more readily promote the welfare of the settlement, advance the cause of truth, hire preaching, and "to see if they could come into some measure for further finishing the meeting-house."

In the establishment of the church as a distinct organization, three or four years afterwards, he was a zealous worker. When it was fully established he was appointed "to serve the Table of the Lord for a time until the church shall proceed to make choice of Deacons."

His wife, also, was one of the nine sisters whom the twelve men, as soon as they had become a visible, distinct church, regularly and scripturally embodied, admitted to communion. They unanimously "voted to receive y<sup>e</sup> hereafter mentioned sisters as standing in full chh. membership with y<sup>m</sup>."

He was one of the committee "to wait on Ebenezer Hill and invite him to become their Pastor." When the Rev. Mr. Hill, who had accepted the call, was ordained, he and Hobert Russel were voted to be a committee to wait on the honorable council at his ordination. It was at his house that Mr. Hill was entertained while preaching as a candidate for settlement. He was amiable and uniform in temperament, as an old gentleman, now in his grave, told me, who knew him well. In stature he was about six feet high, and wore a white linen cap under his three-cornered hat, which was exchanged on the Sabbath for a green one, when he went to meeting.

The genealogy of Jason Dunster, to whom I refer, is clearly traced by authentic records to the Rev. Henry Dunster, the first President of Harvard College, who was, as one of his contemporaries says, a prodigy of learning, of undoubted piety, energetic in character as well as firm in decision. Uncompromising with the world, he dared to preach manfully the truths he conscientiously believed and sincerely regarded. For this he fell under the ban of meddlesome Massachusetts, not yet quite cured of her intolerance: He was indicted by the grand jury, tried and convicted by the court, sentenced to pay a fine, and be admonished on lecture-day, put under bonds for good behavior, and afterwards ordered to leave the town for preaching against the ordinance of infant baptism.

In the discipline of the college President Dunster availed himself of the belief of the age in the active agency of malevolent but invisible beings, and deemed it proper to apply this, at that time, potent instrumentality to the government of the unruly. A tradition is still extant among his descendants that one day, being at

Concord, he suddenly ordered his horse to be saddled, for he must instantly return to Cambridge. On being asked the cause of his abrupt departure, he replied that he had received word that the students there had raised the devil, and being unable to control his exhibitions had become alarmed. This practice, if we may believe the stories of recent college boys, is not obsolete, but understood by them in a very different light from that received in former times. On arriving at Cambridge he took his well-filled powder-horn, and, pouring a part of its contents on the floor, he abjured the presence of such a visitor, and to the relief of the affrighted boys directly flashed him out of college. It is added that, when thus summarily sent away, he was heard to say that he would never trouble any of the Dunsters afterwards; but this consoling assurance, as far as I am informed, does not make a part of the tradition in the Mason branch of that family.

It is not wonderful that such a strange mixing up of piety with superstition, of truth with delusion, by our fathers, should have had a mighty influence on the first settlers of this town. They had imbibed from their ancestors many notions of the physical power of invisible agents, and given them a large credit for acts of wonder.

It was fully believed by some here a hundred years ago that the same old fellow who raised such a rumpus at Cambridge had deposited in the solid rock, near the foot of the high falls on the right bank of the Souhegan River, a pot of money, — veritable coins of gold, now almost become a myth. How he got it into the solid rock they stopped not to inquire. It was there, — so they said and believed. How to get it, was the practical inquiry. Deacon Dakin, probably thinking to anticipate his less vigilant neighbors and avail himself of the hidden treasure, or, perhaps, to outwit the depositor, resolved to blow the rock away. Making a confederate of the blacksmith living close to him, and enjoining strict privacy in the matter, they began operations; the blacksmith to make the necessary drills and other tools, the deacon to work and blow until the coveted treasure should be brought to light. Laboring diligently, they persevered until a huge hole was made in the rock; but no wealth, as may be readily conjectured, was ever obtained. The hole blown out I have often seen; no doubt it remains there yet. It was said, when the matter leaked out, that they continued to dig until they were admonished that they were taking too large a liberty with the depositor's domain.

Upon a granite stone, mostly covered by lichens, on lot number ten, in the eighteenth range, formerly owned by my father, was a singular impression, which really was not a natural one. It was reputed to have been the track of the same agent who had hid the money at the high falls. The story connected with it was, that Benjamin Knowlton, who lived on the next lot north, close to the old road, which was on the Mason and New Ipswich line, had a quarrel with his wife, in which she proved to be his *better* half in



reality. The women in those days were some of them athletes as well as amazons. I have seen one, — a daughter-in-law of Jonathan Foster, or *old Bear Foster*, as he was familiarly called, whose longevity was mentioned by the gifted orator of the day, in the grove this forenoon, — who could lift a barrel of cider, and, holding it on her knees, drink from it.

Knowlton, exasperated at his discomfiture, invoked, as the story goes, the help of one whom he believed was more than a match for his belligerent wife. Responding promptly to the summons, he made his appearance, somewhat to Knowlton's alarm. Nothing daunted, his wife "pitched in" upon the new-comer, not exactly according to the etiquette of the prize ring, but in a way that soon satisfied him that it was not best to fight it out on that line, when, with a single bound he lighted on the stone referred to, some ninety rods distant. When a child, I never dared to visit that stone except in company with older people. The spot said to be his track was free from moss; but whether sulphur was unfavorable to vegetation, or some wag kept it carefully rubbed off to perpetuate the wonder, I leave the audience to guess. Such are some of the incoherent glimpses of our fathers in times gone by.

Permit me to close with the sentiment: *Mason village*, — my native place. May *his* footprints never come nearer to it.

No. 8. — The Flag of our Union and its Literary Namesake.

RESPONDED TO BY JAMES R. ELLIOTT, OF BOSTON, MASS.

No. 9. — Our Common Schools.

RESPONDED TO BY REV. E. J. EMERY, OF MASON.

No. 10. — The Homes of our Youth.

RESPONDED TO BY HON. WILLIAM W. JOHNSON, OF NEW IPSWICH.

No. 11. — The Memory of John Boynton.

RESPONDED TO BY REV. D. GOODWIN, OF MASON CENTRE.

No report of this response having been furnished, I have thought it suitable to copy and insert here the following: —

"Memorial notice of John Boynton, Esq., offered by the President and adopted by the Trustees of the Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial Science, at the annual meeting held June 5, 1867.

"The death of John Boynton, Esq., the worthy and respected founder of the Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial Science, on the 25th of March last, is an event which demands a brief memoir on our records. Mr. Boynton was born in Mason, N. H., on the 31st of May, 1791. He worked as a farmer with his father,



*John Boynton*

JOHN BOYNTON'S LITH. AND ENGRAVING. ST. LOUIS, MO.



until near the year 1821. Then he began, at New Ipswich, the manufacture and sale of tin ware. In a short time he removed to Templeton, where he remained till he retired from active business, in 1846. He was representative of the town of Templeton in the State Legislature, but declined other public offices. After he disposed of his business in Templeton, he resided in Athol, where he was the first president of the Miller's River Bank in that town. He was twice married, and had no children, and was a widower at the time of his death. He died unexpectedly and suddenly, at Templeton, after an attack of inflammation on the lungs, occasioned by the exposure of a ride in a severe storm.

"He had little school instruction, and no literary taste. He directed his powers less to intellectual culture than to the business by which he sought to acquire wealth. He was modest and reserved in his disposition, and quiet and orderly in his habits, and he had a reputation for carefulness and moderate thrift, rather than for large acquisitions, or a philanthropic spirit. He was regarded as an honest, unambitious man, whose thoughts and care did not reach beyond his private affairs and his personal comforts. His love of concealment was injurious to his acts of individual kindness and his general popularity. This disposition was gratified, in hiding in his own breast the benevolent enterprise to which he intended to devote the largest part of his property, during his life. It was, therefore, a subject of general surprise and admiration, when his reluctance to make display could no longer conceal the fact that this severe economist had acquired so large a power of public beneficence, and that he had generously parted with it during his life, to provide for young men the advantages of scientific and skilful training in mechanic arts, and in other departments of active business, which he himself had not enjoyed, and he had not been thought capable of appreciating. It is unnecessary to repeat here, that he was most liberal and accommodating in adopting modifications of his original instructions, by which the objects of this Institute could be more fully presented. He made no provision or suggestion for his personal advantage or distinction, or for the honor of his name. No grain of selfishness tarnished the beauty of his noble benefaction. After giving to his relatives such donations as he judged proper and sufficient, he transferred to this Institute one hundred thousand dollars, carefully invested, for the purposes set forth in his letter of gift. And he reserved for himself a small amount of property, sufficient for his frugal habits and simple tastes in the residue of his life. Several years ago he gave, in his peculiar and quiet manner, ten thousand dollars for the public schools in Mason, N. H., where he was born.

"While he lived it was proper to respect his wishes as to any personal distinction, in connection with his gifts. Now that the providence of God has withdrawn him from participation in the labors and feelings of this life, these trustees have a duty to pre-

serve his memory for honor and gratitude. The following resolution is, therefore, adopted : —

“ *Resolved*, That the principal building for instruction, of the Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial Science, shall be designated and called **BOYNTON HALL**, to perpetuate the honored name of the founder of the Institute, and to enlarge the good influence of his wise and liberal benefaction.”

It may not be improper to remark that Mr. Boynton acted upon the principle which has rendered the name of George Peabody illustrious for all time, that of bestowing his wealth and administering his estate in his lifetime, not leaving it to be contended for in, or wasted by, the expenses incident to lawsuits. He was buried in the graveyard at Mason Centre, by the side of his first wife. A chaste monument, erected in good taste, marks the appreciation in which he was regarded by his friends and fellow-townsmen.

No. 12. — The Memory of Jonas Chickering.

No. 13. — The New England and Western States, in the same latitude ; may no longitudinal line ever divide them.

RESPONDED TO BY REV. GEORGE F. MERRIAM.

Of responses Nos. 8, 9, 10, 12, and 13, inclusive, no report has been furnished.

No. 14. — “The Doctors of Mason.”

RESPONSE BY DR. JOHN BACHELDER, OF PLYMOUTH, MASS.

1. *William Barber*. — He was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1767, and obtained a good private medical education. He came to Mason in 1789, as a school-teacher. He was paid for his first term of teaching, in the south district, \$8.12½, besides waiting a year and a half before the town voted to pay it.\* He commenced the practice of medicine in 1791, probably teaching school during the preceding winter. In 1793, he purchased of the town a little farm, at the rate of \$8.67 per acre, which constituted the north-east corner of the common or parade-ground on the Brookline road, on which he erected a spacious house and other buildings. The house is still standing, seventy-five years old. He possessed superior conversational powers and social qualities, employing language at once chaste and fluent. Indeed, he was a model gentleman of the old school, and a careful and conscientious physician. He continued in practice until disabled by infirmities of age, near the close of his life, — about sixty-one years. He died in 1852, aged eighty-five years.†

\* It is probable that this was a disputed arrearage, requiring special vote of the town.

† Dr. Barber was a fellow-boarder with my father in the family of Mr. John Winship, from the time he commenced practice in town until my

2. *Joseph Gray*. — He was born in Providence, R. I., was probably an officer of the Revolutionary army, perhaps surgeon, procured a thorough medical education in the best medical school then in the United States, first settled in the town of Hudson (then Nottingham west), removed to Mason in 1790, when he was thirty-nine years of age. He settled on a farm, one mile north of the centre of the town, on the Wilton road. It is probable that he erected the buildings on his farm, and resided there nineteen years. He appears to have been a physician of more than ordinary attainment and skill, for the time.

3. *Henry Gray*. — He was son and successor of the preceding, born in Hudson, 1783; practised medicine in Mason from 1809 to 1814, then relinquished his practice to Dr. Johnson, and removed to Londonderry, Vt., where he was residing as late as 1859, being then seventy-six years of age.

4. *Willis Johnson*. — He was born in Sturbridge, Mass., in 1786. He studied medicine with private tutors three and a half years, which is more than the usually required time. He first settled in Jaffrey, in 1807, but removed to Peterborough the following year, and remained there till he removed to Mason, in 1814, where he remained until his death, in 1859. He was the only physician of the list here mentioned who served in any civil office. He was Town Clerk twenty-two years, — longer than the term of any other Town Clerk. He was chairman of the Board of Selectmen five years, and was Justice of the Peace from 1823 to the time of his death, thirty-six years. Dr. Johnson was the latest and best known of the deceased or removed physicians. He had a fine personal appearance, — large, well proportioned, dignified and commanding. He possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, from which he was always ready to draw on all proper occasions. He never seemed to grow weary in relating reminiscences of the past,

father became a house-keeper. He then made his residence in his family until he was married and began house-keeping. And after the death of his first wife he returned, and resided with my father till his second marriage. He was of a large frame, and possessed a vigorous constitution; was strong, resolute, and hardy, — qualities which peculiarly fitted him to endure the hardships incident to his professional labors in a new and rough country, which required him often to travel on snow-shoes over the deep fields of snow, saddle-bags on arm, or to breast and struggle his way through immense drifts, impassable in any other way. Never, even in the most severe weather, did he fail to respond to the calls of the suffering. Not unfrequently, in the early years of his practice, would he find the houses of the poor people whom he visited, destitute of all appliances for his convenience, often without candle or lamp, and he would be compelled to spread his simples on the hearth, and on his knees before the fire to manipulate his mixtures by its light; and sometimes he could find no cup or vessel in which to mix liquid preparations, but a fragment of a broken bean-pot, or of some other article of coarse earthen ware. He was of a cheerful, genial disposition, kind and tender-hearted, ready to rejoice with the prosperous, or to sympathize with the afflicted.

J. B. H.

and thus often inducing his patients to forget their sufferings. He exceeded all his predecessors and contemporaries in the extent of his practice, which was not limited to the town in which he resided. Notwithstanding his charges were extremely moderate, even for the times, and his great indulgence towards his debtors — (I have even been told that he never asked a debtor for payment ! Perhaps this is not strictly true, but if partially true, it is a circumstance worthy of note. What physician at the present day can live in the exercise of a like indulgence?) — yet he acquired a competence, and probably no physician in this town had so large a circle of friends and so few enemies, in proportion, as he had for many years. For a period of forty years, these physicians (above named) held almost the entire practice of the town and much out of it.

In the village : —

1. GEORGE CHADWICK, 1829-30.
2. ISRAEL HERRICK, 1831-34.
3. OTIS HOTT, 1835-37.

These, all holding a high rank as physicians, and in the popular favor, maintained so brief a residence in the town, I will not speak of them particularly. The doctors of Mason merit honorable mention on this festival day — consecrated to the memory of our ancestors. I shall only speak of the deceased and removed, who cannot speak for themselves. These worthy men filled a large place in the imagination of my boyhood. Their presence inspired a feeling of awe which I felt in the presence of no other persons. They appeared to me more than common mortals, — a kind of demigods. The contents of the saddle-bags seemed to possess a marvellous potency for good or evil, whose life-giving energy could only be unlocked by the magic hand of the medical diviner. With trembling eagerness I watched the changing features, while his finger rested on the patient's pulse, or his eyes on the protruded tongue, to catch the first monition of life or death. Then, the *prescription*, — those mysterious mixtures of white, yellow and red, which were just the composition required to charm away the dreaded foe. The *vocabulary*, so strange, so awfully mystic ! Was it Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or the language of immortals ? *Pneumonia*, *hydrocephalus*, *hydrothorax*, *ascites*, *neuralgia*, etc., etc. What profound, superhuman learning ! Who could comprehend such language ? The names of drugs were equally recondite, — *cinchonia*, *antimony tartarized*, *submuriate*, *steel*. I knew that many familiar tools were made of steel ; but what could doctors do with steel, except in surgery ? The *symptoms* were of the same sort. If the patient recovered, as he generally did, all honor to the divine art, and to him who so skilfully wielded it. If he died, still I knew there was One from whom proceed the issues of life and death, and who could dispose of the one or the other according to his behest, and the physician lost nothing in my estimation. His

skill was as conspicuous, I had faith to perceive, in the one case as in the other.

Now this picture of a childish imagination, although somewhat overdrawn, yet is a tolerably correct representation of the estimation in which the conscientious physician was held by our grandfathers and grandmothers. The only learned men in their day were the minister, the doctor, and the school-master. Lawyers found no resting-place among the sternly upright yeomen of old; and I believe they still find it an uncongenial soil. The simple faith and integrity which characterized the people then, themselves illiterate, tended to exalt the skill and wisdom of those who attended them through scenes of suffering and affliction. The physician seemed to possess a charmed life. Though in the midst of disease and death, who ever heard, years ago, of a physician dying, or sick? These events are of recent occurrence. The two Grays removed from town,—the elder after a residence of nineteen years. The remaining and succeeding physicians enjoyed firm health through a long term of practice,—one of sixty-one years, the other of forty-five. Who can wonder that they were regarded as a kind of demigods by our simple-minded ancestors? But they have at last yielded to the claims of mortality. Their dust now mingles with the dust of those whose mortal woes they sought to alleviate.

Requiescant in pace! All honor to a people, so confiding, so conscientious, so prompt in remunerating those to whose care they committed "their dearest earthly interests."

LETTER OF EDWARD S. HILL.

ROSEMOND, ILL., Aug. 19, 1868.

*Dr. Marshall, Jona. Russell, Esq., and Associates:—*

GENTS: Your letter of invitation to be present at the Centennial Celebration in Mason, reached me in due time, and it would be to me a source of much pleasure to be present on that occasion, but my business is such that I must forego that pleasure. Many years have passed since I was a resident of that town, yet it has always been a source of great pleasure to me to visit the home of my youth. When a boy I used to go to mill for Aaron Wood, Capt. Wilson, and other neighbors, whose boys were too small to ride astride the horse on top of two or more bags of grain to the Harbor, as the village was then called. Capt. Wood used to pay me six cents each time. I put the cents in a small purse, and when I had one hundred cents my purse was full; that was the first money I ever earned. The little purse of pennies to me looked large, and with it I bought a Bible, which I still possess. I have ever loved to travel that road, over the Darling Hill to the Village. Every tree, every rock, is an old acquaintance, and if any of them have been removed, I miss them. I well remember many of those who were the active men of the town one hundred years ago: Obadiah Parker, Deacon Hall, Capt. Joseph Barrett, Samuel Smith, John Swallow, Elder Wm. Elliott, Joshua Davis, and the old chorister,



Benj. Kendall, and others. Many of those named I think now have none of their descendants in the town. Some portions of the town have changed but little during the hundred years now passed, while in others many and great are the changes made, and the progress onward. The old bog meadows and swamps, that used to be thought worthless, are now of great value, and the time is not far distant when all the productions of the town will be brought into use. The shrubs, brakes, ferns, and innumerable granite rocks and stones will be a source of profit to the inhabitants of the town. I love to recall my early schoolmates and school days, and the good old strict discipline and drill of the schools, when persons passing a school-house would receive a graceful bow from the children and youth, instead of a volley of snow-balls, as is often the case at the present time. I know of but few of the many who have emigrated from Mason, whose subsequent lives have been a disgrace to the land of their birth. May the present and the future generations of the town be an improvement on the past.

Respectfully,

EDWARD S. HILL.

No. 16. — Twenty years ago.

Song sung by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Wright, of Templeton, Mass., who left Mason to take up their abode in Templeton, just twenty years before the Centennial day : —

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom,  
I've sat beneath the tree  
Upon the school-house playground,  
Which sheltered you and me ;  
But none were there to greet me, Tom,  
And few were left to know,  
That played with us upon the grass  
Some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom ;  
Barefooted boys, at play,  
Were sporting as we did then,  
With spirits just as gay ;  
But the master sleeps upon the hill,  
Which, coated o'er with snow,  
Afforded us a sliding-place  
Just twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still ;  
The willows on its side  
Are larger than they were, dear Tom ;  
The stream appears less wide ;

The grape-vine swing is ruined now,  
Where once we played the beau,  
And swung our sweethearts, "pretty girls"  
Just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,  
Close by the spreading beach,  
Is very low; 'twas once so high  
That we could almost reach;  
And kneeling down to get a drink,  
Dear Tom, I started so,  
To see how much that I was changed,  
Since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm,  
You know I cut your name,  
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,  
And you did mine the same.  
Some heartless wretch had peeled the bark;  
'Twas dying sure but slow;  
Just as that one, whose name was cut,  
Died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom;  
But tears came to my eyes,  
I thought of her I loved so well,  
Those early broken ties.  
I visited the old church-yard,  
And took some flowers to strew  
Upon the graves of those we loved,  
Some twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid,  
Some sleep beneath the sea,  
But few are left of our old class,  
Excepting you and me;  
And when our time shall come, dear Tom,  
And we are called to go,  
I hope they'll lay us where we played  
Just twenty years ago.

# HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF MASON

FROM 1858 TO 1868.

BY JOHN B. HILL.

---

"MASON, Sept. 5th, 1868.

"At a meeting of the Committee of General Arrangements for the Centennial Celebration, held this day, it was voted unanimously to invite the Hon. John B. Hill to prepare for publication the proceedings of the Centennial Celebration, Oration, Poem, Chronicles, Responses to toasts, etc., so far as they can be obtained, and to write the history of the town from the year 1858 to the present year, for publication. It was also voted that Abraam Wright be a committee to inform Mr. Hill of the above action.

"CHARLES P. RICHARDSON, *Clerk.*"

Pursuant to the preceding vote, the foregoing pages have been prepared for publication, and I now proceed to complete the history of the town, having published, in 1858, a volume of 324 pages, comprising the history of the town from the grant of the territory by the Masonian proprietors Nov. 1st, 1749, to the close of the year 1858, in which will be found full lists of marriages and deaths in the town for one hundred years, lists of revolutionary soldiers, of town officers, and all particulars and incidents in the history of the town, both civil and religious, which were deemed to be of importance.

It is said, "that is a happy people whose condition furnishes no item for the historian." Such was the state of this people in the years 1859 and 1860; but in 1861 they felt, with the rest of the community, the approach of that great civil war, the magnitude and horror of which are without example in the history of the world.

At a town meeting May 16th, 1861, Voted, to appropriate \$1,500 for the use of volunteers who shall enlist in the service of their country for three years. James L. Chamberlin, George Taft, John S. Spalding, Joseph B. Wilson and Willard Jeffs were appointed a committee to have charge of the disbursement of the said appropriation.

Voted, to present each person, a resident, who shall enlist for three years, with a revolver. Voted, that the increase of the pay of soldiers, above the government price of \$11.00, be left to the

discretion of the committee for the assistance to the families of the volunteers.

1861, Oct. 7th. Voted, to pay to the wives of the volunteers enlisted in the service of the United States, and their children under 16 years dependent on them, one dollar per week, not exceeding \$16 a month, for one family if necessary; and the disbursement of the same was left with the above committee.

1862, Aug. 12. Voted, to pay a bounty of \$100 to each volunteer from the town for three years, in the service of the United States. Voted, to add \$50 to the above bounty, if accepted by the proper authorities. Voted, to pay \$100 to volunteers for nine months; chose a committee, George W. Scripture, William Claggett, Jacob Rideout, James Taft, John S. Spalding, to enlist volunteers.

1863, Aug. 10. Voted, to pay to each volunteer, or to each drafted man, or his substitute, out of the town treasury, \$300, not to be paid until ten days after he shall be mustered into the service of the United States, and to raise \$5,100 for that purpose.

1863, Sept. 29. Voted, to rescind the vote passed at the meeting Aug. 10, and voted to pay to each drafted or conscripted man, or to his substitute, to serve on our quota, \$150, agreeably to the act of the Legislature of June last, and that the selectmen borrow the money for that purpose.

1863, Dec. 8. Voted, that the town will advance the money to pay the volunteers the amount of the National and State bounties, also to raise \$400 to pay the volunteers in addition to the National and State bounties. Wm. G. Lakin was chosen agent to procure the volunteers to fill the quota of men now called for.

1864, March 8. Voted, to reimburse those who have paid for substitutes under the recent draft to the amount of \$300, inclusive of \$150 already paid by the town. Voted, to reimburse those who have paid commutation to the amount of \$150.

1864, Aug. 8. Voted, that the selectmen be instructed to procure substitutes to fill our quota under the present call for troops, and to pay any sum not exceeding \$200 for one year's, \$400 for two years', and \$600 for three years' men; and any person enrolled in the town, by paying the difference above the State and town bounties, shall have the privilege of a substitute, and his name be stricken from the enrolment. Voted, that the selectmen be authorized to borrow \$15,000 for the above object. Voted, to sanction the doings of the selectmen in procuring substitutes under former calls, and that they be authorized to borrow money to pay for the same. Voted, to pay \$200 to each man that is drafted to fill the quota of the town, when he is accepted and mustered into the service of the United States, and that the town borrow \$5,000 for the same.

1865, March 14. Voted, that the selectmen be authorized to procure substitutes to fill future quotas, and to borrow money for

the same. Voted, that the selectmen be authorized to refund to those who have furnished substitutes to fill the town quotas, and paid the commutation fee, the amount paid by them for that purpose and to borrow \$5,000 to pay for the same.

1867, March 12. Voted, to pay the soldiers who enlisted without bounty in the late war, and were credited to the town, \$100 a year, and in that ratio for the time spent in the service of the United States. Voted, to raise \$1,800, for that purpose.

**TOWN OFFICERS, ETC., FROM 1858 TO 1868.**

	Moderators.	Town Clerks.	Town Treasurers.	Representatives.	Selectmen.
1859.	Edwin A. Larkin.	Joseph B. Wilson.	Charles Prescott.	Frederic Mansfield.	Charles Prescott, Amos H. Hosmer, Thomas Hays.
1860.	Edwin A. Larkin.	Willard D. Hero.	Al Sherwin.	Thomas H. Marshall.	Thomas Hays, Al Sherwin, Luke Newell.
1861.	Willard Jeffs.	Joseph B. Wilson.	Al Sherwin.	Thomas H. Marshall.	Al Sherwin, John S. Spalding, Charles Scripture.
1862.	Willard Jeffs.	Joseph B. Wilson.	Franklin Merriam.	Abram Wright.	John S. Spalding, John S. Spalding, Franklin Merriam, Wm. G. Lakin.
1863.	Willard Jeffs.	Joseph B. Wilson.	William Claggett.	Abram Wright.	Wm. G. Lakin, Franklin Merriam, Charles B. Prescott.
1864.	Nath. H. Shattuck.	Joseph B. Wilson.	William Claggett.	Jas. S. Chamberlain.	Charles B. Prescott, Charles B. Prescott, Geo. Taft, Luther L. Barrett.
1865.	Nath. H. Shattuck.	Joseph B. Wilson.	William Claggett.	Edwin K. Hardy.	Charles B. Prescott, Franklin B. Heald, Joseph B. Wilson.
1866.	James S. Tuttle.	Joseph B. Wilson.	John S. Spalding.	Edwin K. Hardy.	John S. Spalding, Charles A. Elliott, Nath. H. Shattuck.
1867.	Enville J. Emery.	Joseph B. Wilson.	John S. Spalding.	Asa Webber.	John S. Spalding, Wm. G. Lakin, Jacob Rideout.
1868.	Enville J. Emery.	Joseph B. Wilson.	Jas. L. Chamberlin.	Asa Webber.	Charles B. Prescott, Wm. G. Lakin, Thomas B. Tarbell.

## ECCLESIASTICAL AFFAIRS.

---

UNDER this head, it is my purpose to continue the history of the churches and societies from 1858 to 1868.

In the first Congregational Church the Rev. Daniel Goodwin continued his services, as stated in the "History of Mason," p. 251, until he was installed as pastor, April 18, 1861, and he continued in office at the close of the decade.

In the Christian Church the Rev. Mr. Nason was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Ham, whose successor was the Rev. Mr. Phillips. The loss in this church and society by the death and by the removal of members from town is probably the reason that since the close of Mr. Phillips' ministry there has been no settled pastor over this church.

In the Baptist Church, the ministry of Mr. Cutting closed March 31, 1861. In his ministry thirty members were added to the church. He was succeeded by the Rev. E. J. Emery, April 14, 1861. His ministry closed March 21, 1865, during which the additions to the church were fourteen. He was succeeded by the Rev. L. C. Stevens, April 1, 1865, who still continues in office. Under his ministry forty-two have been added to the church. The number of members, July 30, 1869, was eighty-four. Dea. Jonas Adams died Feb. 28, 1859. Dea. Samuel Hartshorn died Sept. 16, 1861. Benjamin H. Day and Sewall F. Adams were chosen deacons Aug. 31, 1860. Eben Tilton was chosen deacon July 3, 1868. In 1866 the church repaired their house of worship at an outlay of about \$600. In the same year Lucius A. Elliott, Esq., of Boston, conveyed to the church, as a free gift, the property including the dwelling-house and out-buildings in the village, formerly owned by his father, the late George Elliott Esq., after putting the same in good repair, to be used as a parsonage.

### THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN MASON VILLAGE.

The death of Dea. Stephen Smith was soon followed by that of Dea. Simeon Cragin, who departed this life Sept. 2, 1858, ripe in years and graces of Christian character. The loss of these two pillars has been deeply felt by the church, in the decade of years that has since passed. A spirit of harmony has prevailed among its members, with a good degree of outward prosperity, and yet, for a variety of reasons, it has failed of that growth and strength for which its friends have hoped.

After a very brief pastorate, Rev. Samuel J. Austin resigned his charge, April 24, 1859, and was succeeded by Rev. George E. Fisher, who labored with great zeal and devotion, till Oct. 29, 1862, when he, too, at his own request, was dismissed from his pastoral care. Soon after, Dr. M. N. Root was engaged as stated supply, and continued his ministrations till the summer of 1864. During the same season (August 27), a call was extended to Rev. Andrew Jaquith; but it reached him only on the eve of his call to the heavenly service. In October, 1864, Rev. George, F. Merriam, the present pastor, entered upon his ministry, and March 9, 1865, was ordained and installed over the church. He has found the field a very pleasant one, among the friends of youth, and has enjoyed with them one season of special refreshing during the winter of 1865, 1866.

The other officers of the church are,

Deacon Merrill C. Dodge, chosen Sept. 25, 1857.

“ Marshall Kimball, “ Nov. 5, 1858.

“ Charles Baldwin, “ Sept. 23, 1859.

“ Charles Wilson, “ “ “

The Sabbath school, so long under the charge of Dea. Smith, has, since his decease, continued to prosper in the care of superintendents Dea. Dodge, Bro. E. B. Barrett, and Dea. Wilson. The present membership of the church is one hundred and ten, of which thirty-eight are males, seventy-two females. The number belonging to the Sabbath school is about one hundred and twelve.

Within the past few months the church has had special cause for gratitude to its friends, and, above all, to Him who putteth liberal things into the hearts of His people, for the gifts of a new communion service, from Mrs. E. C. Brown, of Boston, and a parsonage from George D. Cragin, Esq., of New York. Both of these presents were peculiarly welcome, and the latter, purchased at a cost of three thousand dollars, is a munificent token of the giver's kind remembrance of his native village, and love for the church, to which, from its first organization, his parents were so devoted.

The old Roman mother, pointing to her children, said, “These are my jewels;” and with similar spirit this church cherishes the memory of her sainted ones. Among others, she mourns the early death of Rev. Edwin E. Merriam, who was for years a member of her Sabbath school, and though unable to mark any time when he did not cherish Christian hope, was always accustomed to speak with tender interest of the religious impressions here received. He afterwards united with the church in Plymouth, Mass., graduated at Amherst College in 1858, with high reputation as a scholar and a writer; taught in the South and West; graduated at Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1863; and was soon afterwards called to the Presbyterian Church in Salem, Penn., where among a loving people, and with the brightest prospects of usefulness, he died, Feb. 17, 1865, aged twenty-eight years. His end was peace.



*List of Marriages from Nov., 1857, to close of the Year  
1868. Taken from the Town Records.*

- 1857, Nov. 22. George R. Elliott, Mason. Eliza E. Stevens,  
Mason.
- “ “ 26. Leonard Elliott, Pepperell. Augusta S. Hodg-  
man, Mason.
- “ Dec. 17. Henry Kirke, Mason. Sarah Gardiner, Mason.
- “ “ 31. Kendell Davis, Sharon. Lucinda Chamberlin,  
Mason.
- 1858, Jan. 4. Edmund Holden, Mason. Elizabeth Flagg,  
Mason.
- “ April 15. Edmund Blood, Townsend. Nancy W. Simonds,  
Townsend.
- “ “ 22. John Campbell, Mason. Lavinia Hemphill,  
Mason.
- “ June 27. Moses Towne, Townsend. Nancy Razen, Town-  
send.
- “ July 4. Charles H. Hanaford, West Brookfield. Jennie  
A. Nason, Mason.
- “ Sept. 20. James H. Furgeson, Mason. Ellen M. Kim-  
ball, Mason.
- “ Oct. 1. Elbridge Howe, Peterboro'. Henrietta Felch,  
Mason.
- “ “ 5. George M. Frederic, Mason. Mary J. Wright,  
Mason.
- “ Nov. Joshua J. Hobart, Mason. Melvina S. Davis,  
Mason.
- “ “ 17. William G. Ober, Mason. Alice C. Glover,  
Mason.
- “ “ 20. Benjamin F. Lusk, Mason. Lucretia Butler,  
Mason.
- “ “ 25. Edward B. Richardson, Mason. Harriet S.  
Watson, Mason.
- “ “ “ Abram H. Seaver, Mason. Martha F. Rich-  
ardson, Mason.
- “ Dec. 28. John R. Lynch, Mason. Abbie J. Kimball,  
Mason.
- “ “ 30. Alfred M. White, Mason. Marietta Holt,  
Mason.
- 1859, Feb. 29. Benjamin F. March, Mason. Ellen Finley,  
Mason.
- “ April 15. Perry Farrar, Mason. Mary Blood, Mason.
- “ May 15. Marshall Kimball, Mason. Loisa J. Allen,  
Mason.
- “ Nov. 20. John S. Bennett, Nashua. Sarah J. Dinsmore,  
Nashua

- 1859, Dec. 4. Elisha B. Barrett, Mason. Carrie McClure, Mason.
- " " 20. Rufus Smith, Danville. Susan A. Ingalls, Mason.
- 1860, Jan. 17. Joseph B. Robbins, Mason. Helen M. Wyman, Mason.
- " June 2. C. N. Bennett, Boston. Olive M. Kelley, Pittsfield, N. H.
- " " 30. Elbridge H. Howe, New Ipswich. Carrie H. Baldwin, New Ipswich.
- " " " Charles M. Pierce, Lempster. S. Lizzie Howe, New Ipswich.
- " Sept. 20. Samuel L. Gerould, Stoddard. Lucy A. Merriam, Mason.
- " Oct. 8. John K. Mills, Mason. Elizabeth B. Holt, Mason.
- " Dec. 30. James P. Nutting, Mason. Mary A. Phillips, Fall River.
- 1861, Jan. 1. William W. Pritchard, Mason. Emeline E. Livingston, Mason.
- " " 28. Jeremy Weston. Lydia J. Karkin.
- " May 12. Edmund Merriam, Mason. Maria A. Pierce, New Ipswich.
- " " 19. Charles H. Dix, Mason. Jannette Sherwin, Mason.
- " July 4. Aaron Wheeler, Fitchburg. Dorcas Sawyer, Mason.
- " Nov. 26. Morton L. Barrett, Mason. Rhoda M. Jones, Mason.
- " " 26. Nelson L. Barrett, Mason. Hattie A. Russell, New Ipswich.
- 1862, March 27. Albert Taylor, Wilton. Mary E. Tibbetts, Mason.
- " April 6. Thomas Jackson, Wilton. Anna R. Blood, Mason.
- " " 10. Charles L. Robbins, Mason. Abby J. Davis, Mason.
- " June 10. John A. Wright, Keene. Julia A. McCoy, Gilsum.
- " July 5. Elisha K. Frederick, Mason. Emeline V. Rolf, Sharon.
- " " 18. Henry B. Hosmer, Mason. Hattie E. Elliott, Mason.
- " Aug. 14. Milton H. Hardy, Mason. Mary Jane Marshall, Mason.
- " " 16. George D. Reed, Mason. Eliza Elliott, Mason.
- " Nov. 11. Samuel H. Wheeler, Mason. Augusta Campbell, Manchester.

- 1862, Dec. 31. Luther A. Blood, Mason. Harriet A. Fuller, Charlestown, Mass.
- 1863, Jan. 1. Henry Kendall, Shirley. Mary E. Felton, Mason.
- “ “ 1. Joseph McGown, Shirley. Clementine E. Baxter, Mason.
- “ Feb. 10. Lyman K. Sawtell, Springfield, Mass. Mary Jane Whitehead, Rindge.
- “ “ 11. George H. Goodwin, Mason. Mary Holbrook, Groton Junction.
- “ May 24. Charles W. Tarbell, New York. Sarah D. Goodwin, Mason.
- “ June 6. J. Harrison Hutchinson, Wilton. Emma T. Moore, Temple.
- “ “ 27. Warner Russell, Mason. Phebe Elliott, Mason.
- “ “ 27. Bradley Stone, Milford. Harriet E. J. Temple, Milford.
- “ “ 30. Adin A. Smith, Wilmington, Vt. Lucy Ellen Tenney, New Ipswich.
- “ July 19. William S. White, Mason. Mary M. Emery, New Ipswich.
- “ “ 19. Levi Johnson, Deering, N. H. Hannah F. Warby, North Chelmsford.
- “ Nov. 1. Oren J. Manning, Townsend. Martha Campbell, Mason.
- 1864, Feb. 11. James M. Nutting, Mason. Susan A. Lobdel, Mason.
- “ “ 18. Jacob H. Bachelder, Mason. Maria S. Hodgman, Mason.
- “ “ 18. Perry Farrar, Mason. Sophronia N. Tarbell, Mason.
- “ March 8. Charles A. Wright, New Ipswich. Mary E. J. Sanders, Mason.
- “ “ 20. Marquis L. Holt, Mason. Rocene Sherwin, Mason.
- “ July 28. Joseph B. Wilson, Mason. Persis S. Blodgett, Mason.
- “ Aug. 15. Jonas Richards, Jr., Mason. Isabel Ferman, Townsend.
- “ “ 17. Seth Preston, Jr., Mason. Katie A. Fuller, Mason.
- “ “ 27. George L. Creighton, Mason. Martha M. Holden, Mason.
- “ Nov. 20. Edward J. O'Donnell, Mason. Nellie F. Prescott, Mason.
- “ “ 20. Frank L. Peabody, Mason. Emeline A. Prescott, Mason.
- “ “ 24. George Cutting, Fitzwilliam. Jane McGown, Mason.

- 1865, Feb. 9. John Richards, Mason. Winfred Richards, Townsend, Mass.
- " " 27. George E. Smith, Ashby, Mass. Eliza A. Badger, Mason.
- " " 28. Moses C. Wilson, Sharon. Amelia W. Sylvester, New Ipswich.
- " " 28. Artemas Sylvester, Jr., New Ipswich. Hannah P. Wilson, Sharon.
- " April 2. Franklin B. Heald, Mason. Emma E. Pritchard, Mason.
- " May 8. Prucius W. Manley, New Ipswich. Martha A. Swallow, New Ipswich.
- " June 10. John S. Sargeant, Milford. Abby A. Putnam, Mason.
- " Aug. 19. Abbott A. Forbush, Peterborough. Lizzie M. Putnam, Mason.
- " " 31. Charles Russell, Appleton, Wis., Sarah A. Wilder, Mason.
- " Sept. 20. Henry L. Stone, Groton. Juliette R. Bond, New Ipswich.
- " Oct. 24. Samuel N. Barrett, Mason. Eliza Brown, Ashby.
- " " 29. Herbert Willard, Ashby. Abby J. Robbins, Mason.
- 1866, April 19. Samuel H. Oliver, Mason. Emma E. Sawtell, Mason.
- " May 16. Samuel McGown, New Ipswich. Charlotte L. Johnson, New Ipswich.
- " June 15. George W. Russell. Sarah A. Ewing.
- " " 16. Oliver Felix, Mason. Mary Percy, Mason.
- " " 16. Stephen Austin, Mason. Lydia S. Boynton, Mason.
- " " 16. Mitchell Lafayette, Mason. Eveline L. Preue, Mason.
- " July 5. Alfred J. Morse, Mason. Almira J. Upton, Peterborough.
- " " 8. William O. Robbins, Mason. Martha Jane Barrett, Ashby.
- " " 31. Michael P. Donley, New Ipswich. Hattie A. Christie, New Ipswich.
- " Dec. 2. Joseph C. Mason, Mason. Hattie J. Kingsbury, Mason.
- " " 5. Francis A. Spaulding, South Reading. Orinda York, Peterborough.
- " " 13. Abner Holden, Mason. Rachel Boynton, Mason.
- " " 25. George E. Blood, Mason. Lizzie Gailey, Mason.

- 1867, Jan. 1. George H. Livingston, Weymouth, Mass.  
Mary J. Pierce, Mason.
- " " 2. John Rhoades, Fayette, Iowa. Ruvina M. Cragin, Mason.
- " " 3. Franklin B. Holden, Mason. Fannie L. Kendall, Jaffrey.
- " " 20. George S. Smith, Nashua. Almira S. Flagg, Mason.
- " Feb. 3. Amasa A. Wright, Ashby. Lizzie Susan Badger, Ashby.
- " " 3. Joseph A. Cragin, Temple. Mary E. Sheldon, Temple.
- " " 23. Patrick Murphy, Mason. Lizzie Lary, Mason.
- " April 11. Job Snattuck, Mason. Azubah F. Davis, Mason.
- " " 30. George R. Elliott, Mason. Sarah Austin, Mason.
- " Oct. 4. Ai Richards, Mason. Ellen E. Day, Townsend.
- " " 24. Otis P. Pratt, New Ipswich. Emma C. Ball, Mason.
- " " 30. Edmund B. Newell, Mason. Fannie A. Fessenden, New Ipswich.
- " Nov. 9. Joseph Chamberlin, Mason. Elizabeth Putnam, Mason.
- " Dec. 7. True Robbins, Mason. Louisa Ames, Mason.
- " " 17. Louis H. Robbins, New Ipswich. Abbie E. Wheeler, New Ipswich.
- 1868, Jan. 25. Anthony Denevere, Mason. Matilda St. Peters, Mason.
- " April 22. Enville J. Emery, Mason. Melissa Emery, Mason.
- " June 2. T. E. Oxford, Fitchburg, Mass. Genevieve A. Becker, Fitchburg, Mass.
- " " 10. Daniel P. Blake, Westminster, Mass. Melissa R. Newell, Mason.
- " July 2. William F. March, Mason. Adeliza Bolton, West Boylston, Mass.
- " " 5. Henry A. Barker, Dublin, N. H. Abbie J. Lovejoy, Mason.
- " Aug. 19. Henry W. Wilson, New Ipswich, N. H. Viola M. Davis, New Ipswich, N. H.
- " Sept. 24. Otis C. Elliott, Mason. S. Georgie Nutting, Mason.

***List of Deaths from Jan. 1, 1858, to Dec. 31, 1868. Taken from the Town Records, corrected by the Records of the Clergymen.***

- 1858, Jan. 1. Cummings McClure, 27.  
 " " 1. Infant child of Levi Joslin, 5 ms.  
 " Mar. 18. John H. Sawtell, dropsy.  
 " " 20. Infant child of Jona. Connell, 9 mos.  
 " " 31. John P. French, suicide, 34.  
 " April 1. Hannah Adams, 62.  
 " May 10. Charles O. Hodgman, suicide, 34.  
 " " 30. Elnathan D. Boynton, palsy, 51.  
 " June 1. Anna C. Henry, convulsions, 1.  
 " " 7. Peter Mullen, drowned, 24.  
 " " 7. Infant child of Thomas Ganey, 8 days.  
 " " 10. Willie P. Adams, scarlet fever, 5.  
 " " 16. Augustus E. Chapman, scarlet fever, 11.  
 " " 26. Charles C. Robbins, scarlet fever, 8.  
 " " 26. Hattie M. Robbins, scarlet fever, 4.  
 " July 4. Caroline E. Claggett, scarlet fever, 7.  
 " " 6. Ella Florence Wilson, scarlet fever, 6.  
 " " 10. Addie E. Adams, scarlet fever, 5.  
 " " 14. Charles W. Wilson, scarlet fever, 3.  
 " " 21. Ruth Harding, old age, 95.  
 " Aug. 26. James D. Goddard, scarlet fever, 7.  
 " Sept. 21. Simeon Cragin, consumption, 71.  
 " Oct. 2. Dr. Willis Johnson, heart disease, 71.  
 " Nov. 1. Michael Grady, scarlet fever, 3.  
 " " 7. Lorena Russell, consumption, 22.  
 " Dec. 11. Timothy Jones, 78.  
 1859, Feb. 14. Mr. Ward, 23.  
 " " 18. Eunice B. Hosmer, dropsy, 77.  
 " " 27. Jonas Adams, fever, 74.  
 " Mar. 7. Micah Russell, consumption, 67.  
 " " 8. Clara E. Merriam, 9 ms.  
 " " 20. Mrs. Abigail Hill, old age, 87 ys. and 6 ms.  
 " May 20. Irish child, 6 ms.  
 " June 28. Susan Cragin, consumption, 25.  
 " " 30. Mrs. S. Tarbell, old age, 69.  
 " Aug. 12. Martha Merriam, 43.  
 " " 16. Andrew Elliott, cholera, 69.  
 " " 16. Ruth Withee, consumption, 71.  
 " " 29. Child of Wm. Claggett, fever, 1.  
 " Sept. 11. Martha Russell, mortification, 50.  
 " Oct. 3. DeWitt C. Claggett, fever, 1.  
 " " 12. Noah Winship, consumption, 74.  
 " " 14. Asa B. Hodgman, consumption, 34.

- 1859, Nov. 23. William Webber, cancer, 77.  
 " " 25. Zebiah Fletcher, consumption, 86.  
 " Dec. 9. Elijah Davis, old age, 80.  
 " " 12. Eunice Davis, old age, 80.  
 1860, Jan. 19. James Gordon, consumption, 19.  
 " Mar. 8. Mary Wheeler, consumption, 44.  
 " " 7. Dea. Amos H. Hosmer, consumption, 47.  
 " " 16. Maria Withington, consumption, 16.  
 " " 19. Harry Larken, fits, 5 ms.  
 " July 21. Mary Morse, dropsy, 63.

[No record of this year later than July 21.]

- 1861, Jan. 9. Mrs. E. K. Hardy, 39.  
 " " 21. Lucy M. Cutter, consumption, 20.  
 " " 29. Perley Sanders, 84.  
 " Feb. 5. Edward A. Hurdy, fever, 14.  
 " " 20. Edwin B. Watson, 7 mos.  
 " Mar. 10. Luther Elliott, 47.  
 " " 10. Timothy P. Elliott, 42.  
 " " 31. James Proctor, old age, 88.  
 " " 31. Hannah Taft, old age, 75.  
 " " 31. Sarah Felt, fever, 17.  
 " April 7. John Baldwin, lung fever, 60.  
 " May 2. Sarah Lawrence, 70.  
 " June 2. ——— Wilson, scarlet fever, 8.  
 " July 29. Hannah Fisher, 8 ms.  
 " Aug. 29. Rebecca Russell, consumption, 28.  
 " Sept. 14. Samuel Hartshorn, consumption, 78.  
 " " 19. Martha Green, fever, 28.  
 " Oct. 5. Nancy Flagg, dropsy, 69.  
 " Nov. 11. Charles Prescott, fever, 58.  
 " " 12. Henry E. Blood, fever, 22.  
 " " 21. Daniel L. Merriam, fever, 20.  
 1862, Mar. 10. Morton Ingalls, fever, 21.  
 " " 18. Henry Russell, 17.  
 " May 19. Roger Weston, consumption, 73.  
 " June 26. Jennie McClure, fever, 6.  
 " " 29. Melinda B. Wilson, 49.  
 " Aug. 25. George W. Watson, 25.  
 " Sept. 14. Amos Robbins, old age, 87.  
 " " 22. F. M. Knapp, cholera infantum, 4 ms.  
 " Oct. 7. Mary Winship, fever, 31.  
 " Nov. 12. Thankful Sawtell, dropsy, 61.  
 " " 12. Charles E. Merriam, in army, 19.  
 " " 27. Hannah H. Merriam, crysipelas, 52.  
 " Dec. 2. Ephraim Russell, old age, 97.  
 " " 13. Mary Darling, heart disease, 73.  
 1863, Jan. 11. Edward Lamb, diphtheria, 2.  
 " " 15. Ira M. Whitaker, measles, in army, 17.

- 1863, Jan. 19. Abijah Elliott, disease of kidneys, 61.  
 " Feb. 8. Abby Hayward, consumption, 80.  
 " " 12. Lucinda Chamberlin, 67.  
 " " 17. James W. Merriam, 26.  
 " " 17. Hannah Webber, old age, 74.  
 " " 21. Infant child of G. L. Blood, lung fever.  
 " " 22. Sally Easterbrook, 80.  
 " Mar. 14. John B. Smith, diphtheria, in army, 18.  
 " " 20. Lyman L. Sanders, diphtheria, in army, 19.  
 " " 21. Mary Merriam, fever, 66.  
 " " 23. Mary Russell, dropsy, 79.  
 " April 22. Wm. Eastman, 53.  
 " " 24. Calvin Amsden, consumption, 50.  
 " May 6. Wife of Joseph White, 54.  
 " " 25. Joanna Newell, 66.  
 " June 10. David Amsden, old age, 82.  
 " " 19. Cynthia Bachelder, consumption, 87.  
 " " 28. George Martin, consumption, 81.  
 " July 2. Eliza Chamberlin, 60.  
 " " 31. Thomas Russell, apoplexy, 77.  
 " Aug. 1. Claytie O. Scripture, cholera infantum, 2.  
 " " 2. Joseph White, apoplexy, 67.  
 " " 10. James Davis, died in army, 40.  
 " " 18. George L. Adams, chronic diarrhoea, 87.  
 " " 21. Frederic P. Scripture, cholera infantum, 1.  
 " " 21. Gustavus Johnson, dysentery, 66.  
 " " 21. Calvin Davis, consumption, 58.  
 " " 22. Charles E. Russell, dysentery, 10.  
 " " 23. Frankie Scripture, cholera infantum, 2 ys. 10 mos.  
 " " 26. Lydia Hunt, gravel, 89.  
 " " 26. Emogene Russell, 8.  
 " Sept. 5. Bell C. Pierce, consumption, 19.  
 " " 9. Eunice Holden, dysentery, 67.  
 " " 12. Rachel Barber, old age, 94 ys. 6 mos.  
 " " 15. Samuel Withington, dysentery, 77 ys. 9 mos.  
 " " 16. Freddie L. Richardson, " 2 ys. 8 mos.  
 " " 19. Lucy A. Hosmer, " 4 ys. 11 mos.  
 " " 26. Esther Flagg, dysentery, 70.  
 " " 28. ——— Robbins, croup, 8.  
 " " 28. ——— Adams, diphtheria, 4.  
 " " 30. ——— Nutting, " 2.  
 " " 30. ——— Robbins, croup, 1.  
 " Oct. 1. Azubah Withington, dysentery, 83.  
 " " 5. Clarrisa A. Barrett, 83.  
 " " 13. Wm. W. Pritchard, consumption, 87.  
 " " 18. Harriet B. Hosmer, consumption, 22.  
 " " 28. Mary B. Farrar, dysentery, 53.  
 " " 31. Finis D. Creighton, fever, 10.



- 1863, Nov. 9. Albert Taft, apoplexy, 57.  
 " " 11. Child of James S. Tuttle, 8 mos.  
 " " ——— McGown, diphtheria, 3.  
 " Dec. 5. Josiah Flagg, fever, 78.  
 " " 11. Thomas Wilson, fever, 85.  
 " " 18. Orie H. Elliott, diphtheria, 8 mos.  
 " " 20. Maria Whitaker, consumption, 88.  
 " " 28. Lydia Tarbell, old age, 78.  
 " " 31. Albert F. Davis, diphtheria, 21.  
 1864, Jan. 8. Lucy Wilson, old age, 86.  
 " " 21. John E. Stearns, chronic diarrhoea, 32.  
 " " 24. Elva E. Blood, dropsy of brain, 8ys. 10 mos.  
 " " 24. Lucy Scripture, 82.  
 " " 26. Sarah G. Gilman, diphtheria, 3.  
 " " Patrick Mullen, colic, 1.  
 " Feb. 2. Hannah Shattuck, consumption, 68.  
 " " 19. Emma F. Gilman, diphtheria, 9 ys. 6 mos.  
 " Mar. 25. Mary Heald, palsy, 70.  
 " " 28. ——— Robbins, whooping cough, 2 mos.  
 " " Sarah Lobdell, diphtheria, 6.

## DIED IN THE ARMY.

- Ralph Weston,  
 Granville Robbins,  
 Nathaniel Smith, 58.  
 Albert Austin,  
 Charles Baldwin,  
 Barzillai Russell.
- " Apr. 15. Etta M. Wright, diphtheria, 9.  
 " " 25. Wife of Oliver Allen, 66.  
 " May 11. Son of Wallace Pritchard, 2 ys.  
 " " 18. H. Dix, in rebel prison, 25.  
 " " 31. Mrs. Mary Kimball, 68.  
 " " 31. A French child, 4 or 5 ys.  
 " July Mr. Ellis, 45.  
 " " 28. Widow of Joel Ames, 89.  
 " Aug. 25. Son of Leander Nutting, 27.  
 " Sept. 3. William Davis, 58.  
 " " 5. Clemena Winship, 37.  
 " " Mr. Worcester, 80.  
 " Dec. 5. Francis Cragin, 37.  
 1865, Jan. 18. John Withee, 79.  
 " " 22. Lucy Barrett, old age, 86.  
 " Feb. 6. Daughter of Mr. Fontaine, 20.  
 " " 7. Sally Smith, consumption, 71.  
 " " 14. Sarah E. Farwell, croup, 3 mos.  
 " " 15. Luther Livingston, heart disease, 67.  
 " Mar. 13. Olive A. Wilson, consumption, 39.

- 1865, Mar. 13. Child of Mr. Reed,  
 " " 25. Lucy Robbins, 85.  
 " " 30. Benoni C. Kimball, diabetes, 74.  
 " " Harriet Allen, 67.  
 " Apr. 24. Judith, wife of Abijah Eaton, 78.  
 " June 23. Sarah, widow of Andrew Elliott, 79.  
 " Aug. 16. Wife of John Felt, 72.  
 " Sept. Abial A. Nutting, dysentery, 61.  
 " Oct. Infant son of Charles Lynch, 7 mos.  
 " " 11. Abijah Eaton, 80.  
 " Nov. 24. Freddie Arthur Claggett, croup, 2.  
 " Dec. 17. Child of E. B. Hosmer, 2 mos.  
 1866, Jan. 2. James A. Wyman, consumption, 22.  
 " " 12. Mrs. Martha Burdick, 33.  
 " Feb. 10. Wm. Darling, 79.  
 " Child of James Tuttle, 2 mos.  
 " July 15. Mary, widow of Samuel Hill, old age, 86.  
 " Aug. 11. Child of Abial Nutting,  
 " Child of — Whitney, 11 mos.  
 " " 20. Amelia Adams, consumption, 20.  
 " " 28. Clara A. Russell, consumption, 17.  
 " Sept. 22. Infant child of S. H. Wheeler, 5 weeks.  
 " " 8. Ellen Sheridan, 15.  
 " Oct. 31. Amos Flagg, 84.  
 " Dec. Wm. P. Smith, dropsy, 62.  
 1867, Jan. 3. Sarah W. Adams, 78.  
 " Feb. 9. Sarah Brasen, 65.  
 " " 13. Lillie Adams, congestion of brain, 1 m.  
 " " 14. John S. Proctor, fever, 50.  
 " Mar. 8. Frank M. Pierce, rupture, 13.  
 " " 10. Polly Carlton, old age, 89.  
 " " 11. Son of Charles Lynch, 2 days.  
 " " 15. Katie F. Preston, consumption, 22 ys. 9 mos.  
 " Apr. 15. James Gailey, consumption, 21.  
 " " 22. Anne J. Emery, suicide, 39.  
 " " 24. George Tibbetts.  
 " May 18. Charles Hayes, diabetes, 11.  
 " " 18. — Dailey, 5 mos.  
 " June 6. George Mansfield, 1 day.  
 " July French child.  
 " Aug. 10. Abigail P. Winship, heart, 78.  
 " Oct. 5. Sally Merriam, paralysis, 79.  
 " Nov. 10. Patrick Murphy, heart, 30.  
 " Dec. 19. Seth Preston, Jr., accident, 24.  
 1868, Feb. 17. Elizabeth Hodge, old age, 90.  
 " Apr. 26. Sophia Hunt, suicide, 59.  
 " May 17. Mrs. Lucy Wyman, 28.  
 " May 18. Infant child of Wm. Crighton,

- 1868, June 14. Joel Smith, consumption, 50.  
 " July 15. Alfred Davis, sunstroke, 61.  
 " " 19. John Gordon, 38.  
 " Aug. 8. Mrs. Mary Nutting, 32.  
 " " 10. Infant son of Samuel N. Barrett, 4 mos.  
 " Sept. 6. Preston Elliott, 10.  
 " Oct. 26. Infant child of Otis Robbins, 1 month.

The record of births in the town-books is so deficient and imperfect, as not to be worth publishing.

---

*A Report of the Number and Names of Soldiers Furnished by the Town of Mason, for the Suppression of the Rebellion, as made out Feb. 29, 1866, by Charles B. Prescott.*

Thomas E. Marshall, Co. G, 2d Reg't, June 5, 1861. Wounded July 2, 1863. Promoted to second Sergeant, and then through every grade up to Captain. Re-enlisted January 5, 1864. In that year he was placed in command of a company of sharpshooters, in which he served till the close of the war.

Charles H. Dix, Co. G, 2d Reg't, June 5 1861. Discharged for disability, Dec. 3, 1861.

Charles E. Foster, Co. G, 2d Reg't; June 5, 1861. Re-enlisted January 1, 1864.

Levi J. Josslin, Co. G, 2d Reg't, June 5, 1861. Promoted Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

John Kenney, Co. G, 2d Reg't, June 5, 1861. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

Augustus G. Nutting, Co. G, 2d Reg't, June 5, 1861. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

Andrew Corbit, Co. H, 2d Reg't, June 5, 1861. Deserted at Concord, May 5, 1863.

Michael C. Haley, Co. H, 2d Reg't, June 5, 1861. Promoted Corporal. Mustered out Sept. 21, 1863.

Marquis L. Holt, Co. E, 3d Reg't, August 23, 1861. Promoted Corporal. Re-enlisted Feb. 15, 1864.

Ephraim Crandall, Co. C, 4th Reg't, Sept. 18, 1861. Died of disease June 23, 1863.

Romango L. Nutting, Corporal, Co. E, 6th Reg't, Nov. 28, 1861. Not officially accounted for.

Henry A. Jones, Co. E, 6th Reg't, Nov. 28, 1861. Re-enlisted Dec. 25, 1863.

Seth Preston, Co. B, 8th Reg't, Dec. 20, 1861. Re-enlisted Jan. 4, 1864.

Henry Shattuck, Co. B, 8th Reg't, Dec. 20, 1861. Died at Camp Parapet, La., Aug. 6, 1862.

Robert G. Phinney, Co. E, 8th Reg't, Dec. 20, 1861. Promoted Corporal July, 1862. Wounded Oct. 27, 1862. Promoted Sergeant Feb. 14, 1863. Discharged for disability Nov. 27, 1864.

George Cutting, Corporal, 1st Light Battery, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 26, 1861. Reduced to the rank. Mustered out Sept. 25, 1864.

Willard C. Burdick, 1st Light Battery, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 26, 1861. Mustered out Sept. 25, 1864.

George H. Dix, New Hampshire Battalion, 1st New England Cavalry, Oct. 24, 1861. Missing Oct. 12, 1863.

David Moran, New Hampshire Battalion, 1st New England Cavalry, Dec. 24, 1861. Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.

Enoch Leavitt, New Hampshire Battalion, 1st New England Cavalry, Dec. 24, 1861. Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.

Patrick O'Brien, New Hampshire Battalion, 1st New England Cavalry, Dec. 24, 1861. Not officially accounted for.

Milton H. Hardy, Sergeant, Co. G, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 19, 1862. Commissioned as Lieutenant.

John G. Blood, Corporal, Co. G, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 19, 1862.

Joel E. Boynton, Co. G, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 19, 1862. Died Feb. 25, 1863.

Wm. W. Bailey, Co. G, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 19, 1862. Wounded severely June 3, 1864.

William D. Carr, Co. G, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 19, 1862. Promoted to Corporal. Wounded severely, May 13, 1864. Died of wounds, at Point Lookout, Md., June 12, 1864.

Edward W. Davis, Co. G, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 19, 1862. Wounded Sept. 29, 1864. Died of wounds, at Hampton, Va., Oct. 12, 1864.

Charles H. Russell, Co. G, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 19, 1862.

George D. Reed, Co. G, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 19, 1862. Discharged Nov. 29, 1863.

Ralph Weston, Co. G, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 19, 1862. Died of disease March 21, 1863.

Ira M. Whittaker, Co. G, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 19, 1862. Died of disease, Jan. 15, 1863.

Charles A. Austin, Co. I, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 20, 1862. Discharged April 27, 1863.

E. T. Elliott, Co. I, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 20, 1862.

Joseph P. Elliott, Co. I, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 20, 1862.

M. V. B. Elliott, Co. I, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 20, 1862.

Erastus E. Elliott, Co. I, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 20, 1862.

Daniel Parker, Co. I, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 23, 1862.

John B. Smith, Co. I, 13th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteers, Sept. 20, 1862. Died March 14, 1863.

Joseph E. O'Donnell, Second Lieutenant, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Co. C, Nov. 4, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

Henry H. Stevens, Sergeant, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

John E. Stearns, Sergeant, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

Harrison Livingston, Corporal, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

James Davis, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Died Aug. 10, 1863.

George L. Adams, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Died Aug. 19, 1863.

Chauncey A. Adams, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

Nathan Adams, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 27, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

Albert A. Austin, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Died Aug. 1, 1863.

Charles P. Baldwin, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Died June 1, 1863.

Sydney A. Barrett, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Discharged Dec. 16, 1862.

George L. Crighton, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Discharged for disability.

Charles P. Gorham, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

Thomas Jackson, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

Marshall Kimball, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

Benjamin G. Livingston, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

David Robbins, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

Samuel S. Reed, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Discharged Dec. 15, 1862.

Granville Robbins, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Nov. 19, 1862. Died of disease March 20, 1863.

Nathaniel Smith, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Died May 12, 1863.

Lyman Sanders, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 18, 1862. Died March 21, 1863.

Samuel H. Wheeler, Co. C, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 28, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

Thomas B. Russell, Co. E, 16th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Nov. 13, 1862. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

Thomas R. Clement, Assistant Surgeon, 10th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 26, 1863. Honorably discharged Sept. 17, 1864.

James S. Manlove, Co. K, 6th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Oct. 14, 1863.

William H. Gage, Co. I, 6th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., March 31, 1864.

Charles H. Thompson, Co. I, 7th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., 7th Reg't, Oct. 15, 1863.

George Beford, Co. K, 8th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Sept. 1, 1863. Killed at Bayou De Glasse, La., May 17, 1864.

William Hunt, Co. C, 8th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Sept. 1, 1863.

Madison Colby, Co. K, 11th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Dec. 12, 1863.

Alonzo Carter, Co. D, 11th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Dec. 12, 1863. Wounded July 27, 1864.

Francis Bernard, Co. I, 12th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Dec. 11, 1863. Deserted at Point Lookout, Md., March 10, 1864.

John Grant, Co. K, 12th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Dec. 11, 1863. Transferred to U. S. Navy, April 29, 1864.

Thomas Ganigan, Co. K, 12th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Dec. 11, 1863.

James M. Howard, Co. C, 12th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Dec. 10, 1863.

William Kingsland, Co. I, 12th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Dec. 10, 1863.

George Lansing, Co. K, 12th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Dec. 11, 1863.

William Meaney, Co. E, 12th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Dec. 11, 1863. Wounded May 6, 1864. Deserted near Petersburg, Va., July 10, 1864.

George Nichols, Co. D, 12th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Dec. 11, 1863. Transferred to U. S. Navy, April 29, 1864.

Louis Schafft, Co. C, 12th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Dec. 12, 1863. Wounded June 3, 1864.

John Tupper, Co. E, 12th Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Inf., Dec. 10, 1863.

James Abbott, Troop G, 1st Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Cav., April 5, 1864. Missing Nov. 12, 1864.

Charles S. Cheeney, Troop G, 1st Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Cav., March 31, 1864.

Louis Curtois, Troop G, 1st Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Cav., March 31, 1864.

James Dailey, Troop D, 1st Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Cav., June 25, 1864.

James Eastman, Troop D, 1st Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Cav., April 30, 1864.

Elton Harrington, Troop M, 1st Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Cav., March 22, 1864.

Joseph Arquette, Troop M, 1st Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Cav., March 25, 1864.

John Marsau, Troop M, 1st Reg't, New Hampshire Volunteer Cav., March 25, 1864.

Henry Goodwin, Co. A, 11th Reg't, April 5, 1864.

Charles Burles, Co. A, 7th Reg't, Sept. 21, 1864. Deserted at Staten Island, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1864.

John Staw, Co. I, 7th Reg't, Sept. 22, 1864. Deserted to the enemy, Oct. 29, 1864.

Thomas Fletcher, Co. E, 7th Reg't, Sept. 22, 1864. Deserted at Staten Island, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1864.

Edward Prial, Co. A, 9th Reg't, Aug. 25, 1864. Missing at Poplar Grove Ch., Va., Sept. 30, 1864.

Peter Baker, Co. C, 9th Reg't, Aug. 26, 1864. Deserted on route to regiment.

John L. Blance, Co. F, 5th Reg't, Sept. 13, 1864.

Charles H. Doherty, Co. B, 5th Reg't, Sept. 17, 1864.

Thomas Florence, Co. A, 5th Reg't, Aug. 17, 1864.

Joseph French, Co. A, 5th Reg't, Aug. 19, 1864.

Daniel Finn, Co. B, 5th Reg't, Sept. 1, 1864. Deserted near Petersburg, Va., Oct. 12, 1864.

Walter Jones, Co. I, 5th Reg't, Sept. 13, 1864.

Joseph Marshall, Co. F, 5th Reg't, Aug. 18, 1864.

Edward McGuire, Co. F, 5th Reg't, Aug. 19, 1864.

Thomas McGuire, Co. F, 5th Reg't, Sept. 2, 1864.

John Mahoney, Co. F, 5th Reg't, Sept. 3, 1864.

John Mountain, Co. K, 5th Reg't, Sept. 19, 1864.

William H. Rand, Co. E, 5th Reg't, Aug. 25, 1864.

John Sweeney, Co. F, 5th Reg't, Aug. 31, 1864.

Sydney A. Barrett, Veteran, Regular Army, Aug. 31, 1864.

James Gilson, " " Sept. 23, 1864.

Thomas Dunham, " " Sept. 21, 1864.

James Smith, " " Sept. 15, 1864.

Jacob Johnson, " " Sept. 20, 1864.

Morton Ingalls, enlisted in the Navy, but fell sick and died March 10, 1862, before joining his vessel.

*Names of Persons Drafted from Mason, Sept. 2, 1863.*

Jerome Davis, furnished substitute.	Thomas Ganey, discharged for disability, etc.
Otis Walters, " "	Israel D. Balch, discharged for disability, etc.
Morton L. Barrett, " "	Robert L. Cumanock, Jr., discharged for disability, etc.
Horace E. Davis, " "	Nelson L. Barrett, discharged for disability, etc.
Joseph McGown, " "	Patrick Meloney, discharged for disability, etc.
James Q. Conant, " "	Barnard Lamb, discharged for disability, etc.
Albert Whittaker, " "	Charles H. Nutting, discharged for disability, etc.
Henry P. Adams, " "	Elliott Merriam, discharged for disability, etc.
Marshall H. Nutting, paid commutation.	Isalah E. Scripture, discharged for disability, etc.
Edwin B. Hosmer, discharged for disability or other causes.	Franklin B. Holden, discharged for disability, etc.,
William S. Merriam, discharged for disability, etc.	James P. Nutting, discharged for disability, etc.
Edmund B. Newell, discharged for disability, etc.	
Harrison Hutchinson, discharged for disability, etc.	
Benj. F. March, discharged for disability, etc.	
Calvin Barrett, discharged for disability, etc.	

*Names of those who furnished Substitutes under the Call of July 18, 1864.*

Principals.	Substitutes.
James L. Chamberlain,	Thomas McGuire.
Charles P. Richardson,	Edward McGuire.
James Taft,	John Mahoney.
Abel E. Adams,	Thomas Florence.
Sewall F. Adams,	Joseph Marshall.
Enville J. Emery,	Joseph French.
Edwin L. Nutting,	John L. Blance.
Charles E. Keyes,	Jacob Johnson.
Rufus P. Boynton,	James Smith.
James Russell,	Thomas Fletcher.
Anson J. Rideout,	David Finn.
George W. Scripture,	Peter Baker.
Barnard Lamb,	Charles Barles.
Joel H. Elliott,	Thomas Dunham.
William A. Adams,	James Gilson.
Isalah E. Scripture,	John Starr.
John L. Taft,	John Mountain.
Amos A. Smith,	Edward Frial.
Alvah Lakin,	John Sweeney.
George L. Blood,	Wm. H. Rand.
Horace K. Hodgeman,	Charles H. Dogherty.
Nelson L. Barrett,	Walter Jones.
Amount paid for substitutes,	\$22,455 00
Highest amount paid, \$1,225; lowest, \$900.	
State Bounty, \$300 — town do. \$600,	900 00
Paid by principals,	140 00
Total average cost,	\$1,040 00



It appears by a report made by the selectmen to the Town, that bounties were paid as follows : —

To three years' men, 1862,	\$2,550 00
“ nine months' men, 1862,	2,200 00
“ conscripts, 1863,	2,100 00
“ “ 1864,	3,150 00
Substitutes, etc., 1864,	27,827 35
Services of selectmen and others,	9 3 15
	<hr/>
	\$35,620 50
Received from the government,	.944 00
	<hr/>
	\$34,676 50

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The Committee of General Arrangements met, and organized by making choice of Dr. Thomas H. Marshall, Chairman, Charles P. Richardson, Clerk, and Jonathan Russell, Esq., Treasurer, and immediately took measures to raise by subscription the sum necessary to meet the expenses incident to the celebration, June 13, 1868.

The following is a list of the names of the subscribers, with the sum paid by each :—

Charles P. Richardson,	10 00	True Robbins,	1 00
Jonathan Russell,	10 00	Amos A. Smith,	1 00
Thomas H. Marshall,	10 00	Henry L. Hodgman,	1 00
L. L. Barrett,	10 00	Luke Newell,	1 00
E. B. Barrett,	10 00	H. R. Amsden,	1 00
Samuel E. Adams,	10 00	J. Hammond Elliott,	10 00
Alden B. Smith,	10 00	Isaac A. Brown,	3 00
James L. Chamberlin,	25 00	J. S. Spalding,	5 00
George W. Scripture,	10 00	Freeman Elliott,	5 00
Wm. G. Lakin,	2 00	Samuel Tarbell,	2 00
Samuel Smith,	5 00	C. A. Elliott,	2 00
Samuel Ingals,	2 00	Veron Eaton,	5 00
T. B. Tarbell,	5 00	Jason Russell,	2 00
Horace K. Hodgman,	2 00	S. H. Russell,	1 00
James H. Barrett,	2 00	James Russell,	2 00
Charles B. Prescott,	5 00	Amos Scripture,	3 00
A. M. Hill,	1 00	M. C. Dodge,	5 00
R. P. Peabody,	1 00	John Felt,	50
W. D. Hero,	1 00	F. B. Heald,	2 00
John Alinson,	1 00	J. Q. Conant,	1 00
A. P. Barrett,	1 00	E. K. Hardy,	1 00
Joseph P. Blood,	1 00	Joseph McGown,	1 00
N. H. Shattuck,	1 00	N. Y. Oliver,	1 00
F. L. Peabody,	1 00	C. N. Corcy,	10 00
Otis Childs,	2 00	John Kenney & Co.,	4 00
Jason Webber,	2 00	Asa Webber,	2 00
E. H. Hildreth,	1 00	Thomas Bennett,	1 00
E. B. Hosmer,	2 00	Leander Nutting,	50
G. L. Blood,	1 00	A. A. Lovejoy,	1 00
Leonard Morse,	2 00	B. H. Savage,	50
George L. Morse,	1 00	H. Eaton,	50
Solomon A. Davis,	1 00	R. Arthur,	50
Sampson Spalding,	50	Jos. B. Pope,	50
Nelson Blake,	1 00	George Hartshorne,	50
Gardner B. Gay,	2 00	M. H. Hardy,	1 00
Henry L. Newell,	1 00	G. M. Farrar,	1 00
Edwin J. Hodgman,	2 00	George H. Preston,	50
Ephraim Hildreth,	1 00	Geo. F. Mitchell,	50
Stillman Farrar,	1 00	Eben. Richardson,	1 00
N. L. Barrett,	1 00	Joel Ball,	1 00
M. L. Barrett,	1 00	Peter Liberty,	50
Thomas Fitzpatrick,	1 00	G. Simeneau,	1 00
Wm. Robbins,	1 00	Patrick Mullen,	1 00

Frederic Mansfield,	5 00	Sewall F. Adams,	3 00
Abner Holden,	1 00	Harrison Livingston,	50
Joseph Felix,	1 00	Benjamin Livingston,	1 00
Lewis Charlon,	50	Boynton Jests,	1 00
Lyman K. Sawtelle,	1 00	Benj. Sawyer,	1 00
Charles Wilson,	1 00	E. J. Emery,	50
Josiah Sawtell,	1 00	Nathan Adams,	5 00
Mitchell Bobilee,	50	C. A. Adams,	1 00
Wm. Cray,	1 00	M. Kimball,	5 00
Henry G. Amsden,	50	J. B. Willson,	5 00
Charles A. Deniver,	50	E. B. Richardson,	1 00
James McGown,	1 00	D. H. Cochran,	1 00
Charles Baldwin,	50	Calvin Barrett,	1 00
Nicholas Cray,	50	John Campbell,	1 00
E. G. Heald,	1 00	Wm. Webber,	1 00
C. B. Shelden,	1 00	Jerome Davis,	1 00
John Martin,	1 00	John Taylor,	1 00
Oliver Felix,	1 00	J. K. Mills,	1 00
Mrs. J. Sheriden,	50	Joel Nutting,	2 00
Richard Bobilee,	1 00	Albert Whitaker,	1 00
Genery Avery,	1 00	Levi W. Mitchell,	2 00
Wm. St. Germane,	1 00	Samuel N. Barrett,	2 00
John Centere, Sr.,	50	Daniel Goodwin,	2 00
Mary Bans,	50	W. W. Whitaker,	2 00
Ann Ball,	50	Simon T. Smith,	1 00
H. J. Whitney,	3 00	George Whitaker,	2 00
Peter Luce,	50	Luke Newell,	50
Alexander Sherbro,	50	S. H. Wheeler,	1 00
Antony Bobilee,	50	Joseph Saunders,	1 00
Abraham James,	1 00	John K. Lynch,	1 00
Otis Pratt,	1 00	Amos Robbins,	2 00
W. W. Sanderson,	1 00	A. Henry,	2 00
Luther Austin,	1 00	Franklin Merriam,	2 00
Calvin Searle,	1 00	W. R. Collins,	1 00
Jason Merrill,	1 00	C. W. Russell,	1 00
Caleb Bullard,	50	Warner Russell,	1 00
Edwin Nutting,	50	Charles Jenkins,	2 00
D. P. Stowell,	50		
Michall Cavenaugh,	50	Total amount	\$344 50
J. H. Hartshorn,	3 00		

The Treasurer's account rendered and allowed is as follows: —

Jonathan Russell to the Centennial Celebration Committee	Dr.
To amount of subscriptions,	\$344 50
" 887 tickets for dinner,	837 50
	<hr/>
	\$1,181 50
	Cr.
By paid Geo. Hobart, for music,	\$75 00
" Asher Peabody, for horse-keeping,	8 00
" 20 dinner tickets furnished the Band,	20 00
" 17 free tickets,	17 00
" 128 tickets remaining unsold,	123 00
" for lumber for seats,	2 50
" Moore & Berry, for printing,	22 50
" G. W. Scripture, for dinner,	700 00
" for powder,	10 40

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

115

By paid T. H. Marshall, Express postage,	8 07
" T. H. Marshall amount voted by Committee,	4 00
" C. P. Richardson " " " "	3 00
" Luther L. Barrett, " " " "	2 00
" Abram Wright, " " " "	1 00
" Elisha B. Barrett, " " " "	5 00
" Alden B. Smith, " " " "	4 00
" Jona Russell, 2d, " " " "	3 00
" Thomas B. Tarbell, for procuring flags and getting lumber to the grove,	10 70
" Chas. B. Prescott, " ticket office sign,	1 00
" Uncollected subscription,	5 00
	<hr/>
Amount of Debits,	\$1,181 50
" " Credits,	1,018 17
	<hr/>
Amount due Committee,	\$163 33

By vote of the Committee, the above balance is to be applied towards paying the expenses of publishing the proceedings of the Centennial Celebration.

---

NOTE.—I have for sale a few copies of the "History of Mason." Those who make an early application therefor can be supplied at \$1 50, or if sent by mail postpaid at \$1 75 per copy. Also a few copies of the "Memoir of the Rev. Ebenezer Hill," in which will be found his two published lectures, on the early history of the town, and two of his sermons. Price 25 cents, for which it will be sent post-paid by mail.

J. B. HILL.

MASON, Feb. 21, 1870.

3744  
15



**This book is a preservation photocopy.  
It was produced on Hammermill Laser Print natural white,  
a 60 # book weight acid-free archival paper  
which meets the requirements of  
ANSI/NISO Z39.48-1992 (permanence of paper)**

**Preservation photocopying and binding  
by**

**Acme Bookbinding  
Charlestown, Massachusetts**

**□  
1996**













3 2044 025 028 101



